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MEMORIES
OF
CONTEMPORARY POETS.

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MEMORIES
OF SOME
CONTEMPORARY POETS:

WITH
SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

BY
EMILY TAYLOR,
*Author of "England and its People," "Flowers and Fruit from Old
English Gardens," etc.*

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PREFACE.

IT is difficult to compress into a Title the exact significance of a volume, small in itself, but embracing several objects.

A glance at the contents will, however, I think, show on what principle this selection is made. It comprehends deceased poets only, but a great part of them have been my contemporaries, and if not known to me personally, have been so through intimate friends.

Everyone is aware how numerous Poetical Selections now are ; but a new attempt like this neither condemns nor rivals any existing ones. I find in every volume of the sort which I open, something I wished for omitted, or something I object to inserted ; and perhaps, even in the limited range I have chosen, the same will be said of me ; but let me at least observe that this limitation is no measure of my admiration for our greater modern poets. I simply do not select from them because they are in everyone's hands, and can well take care of themselves ; whereas there are some among the volumes of poetry I have loved from

my youth up, which cannot easily be procured, and will probably never be reprinted.

Still, as it is almost impossible to keep rigidly in these cases to first intentions, it will be found that I have wandered here and there into the tempting fields of well-known and procurable modern poetry.

For instance, in the case of Mrs. Joanna Baillie, it seemed to me that her charming Lyrics and some of her shorter poems are concealed and made difficult of access by the weight and number of her larger works. I have, therefore, freely taken the former, as far as my allotted space allowed.

The reader will not find here much of distinctively SACRED Poetry. While I feel that there is nothing in the whole compass of our literature so cheering and comforting, as what has been given by the British Muse in 'psalms and spiritual songs,' it seemed to me every way better to let these remain distinct. Our collections of them are many and excellent, and, to our joy we may say, highly popular. I have added a specimen or two of an author's highest thought when the general strain has been secular. But I could not consent to mix up large portions of Heber's hymns, or the beautiful works of the author of the 'Christian Year,' with lighter things.

The omission in general of specimens of this best and greatest office of the lyre will not surely be thought to involve omission of much, very much, which ministers to aspiration and adoration. During a great

part of our mortal lives, it is, or should be, our business to get our affections purified, our best feelings quickened and turned into wholesome channels, our spirits tuned to charity and kindness, our views of this world brightened by the hope of a better. Also, it is surely clear that the Great Source of all goodness and beauty spreads His invitations to see Him in His glorious works, very widely abroad ; and thus the elements of religious thought are ever near us, and the poetry which includes them is, in its heart and soul, religious too.

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

* * * * *

And the Great Master said, ' I see
No best in kind, but in degree.
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.'

These are the three great chords of might ;
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.—*Longfellow.*

CONTENTS.



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

PAGE

Ode to Remorse	6
Dirge	11
Life	12
For Easter Sunday	13
Riddles	15
Fragments	16

WILLIAM SMYTH.

To Laura	25
Song	27
Folly	27
To the Muse	29

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

9 Sonnets	36
---------------------	----

THE ROSCOE POETRY.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

PAGE

The Butterfly's Birthday	47
Sonnet: on parting with his Books	50
Imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh	50

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

The Bard's Lament for Llewellyn	51
Written on a Sunday in Autumn	53

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

Lines to a Child	54
The Year of Love	55

MARGARET ROSCOE.

Evening	56
Lines : When shall we meet again ?	57

ROBERT ROSCOE.

A Sonnet	59
The Voyager of Life	59

MARY ANNE ROSCOE.

A Night Thought	61
The Home of Youth	62
Lines to —	63
Hymn	63

HENRY ROSCOE.

A Vision	64
Lines to —	65

JANE E. ROSCOE.

Charity	66
Good Morn	68
Si desceris pereio	69

MISS CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

PAGE

Epistle to Earl Harcourt	75
A Riddle	82
Charades	83

MRS. OPIE.

2 Songs	89
Prayer for the Wanderers	90
The Parents' Chant of Thanksgiving	91

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Hope and Memory	96
Return to an Old Mansion	102

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

Lines on the Death of Elizabeth Smith	107
Moonlight Voyage and the Shipwreck	107

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

On a Butterfly	115
Sonnet : To Shakspeare	116
Sonnet	117
The Soul	117
Sonnet : Prayer	118
Privileges	118
Sonnet, by the Author's Father	119

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

January Song	125
March Song	126
July Song	127
November Song	127
Ruth	128
The Rainbow	129
The dead Grasshopper	130

	PAGE
Hymn I : Nearer, my God, to Thee	132
„ II : The Resurrection	133
„ III : He sendeth Sun	134
Vivia Perpetua's Address to Jove at his Altar	135
Saturus (Christian) and Vivia Perpetua	136

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Lines : A New Year	143
A Poet's Epitaph	143
Transplanted Flowers	144
To the Bramble Flower	145
Spring	146
Funeral Hymn	147
Thomas	148

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Song	155
Lines on Approaching Spring	155
Qua cursum Ventus	156
Lines : Some Future Day	157
Fragments : The Two Musics	158
Across the Waters	159

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A Knight Errant	165
Thankfulness	167
Now	168
My Will	169
Ministering Angels	171
Per Pacem ad Lucem	172

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Cowper's Grave	178
Loved Once	181
Wisdom Unapplied	183

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

	PAGE
Sonnet I: The Secret of Cheerfulness	189
„ II: Heed not a World	189
„ III: The Good—they drop around us	190

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

Burial of the Dead	194
------------------------------	-----

SINGLE POEMS. By different Authors.

The Squire's Pew	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	199
The Devonshire Lane	<i>Rev. J. Marriott</i>	201
The Cuckoo	<i>Logan</i>	203
The Beacon	<i>Unknown</i>	204
Sonnet: Night and Death	<i>Blanco White</i>	205
Sonnet: The Morning	<i>Anonymous</i>	205

SCOTCH LYRICS.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

The Auld Minister's Song	216
Song: When I began the World	217
Song: O! why should Old Age	218
The Ewie with the Crookit Horn	220
The Stipendless Parson	221

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRN.

The Pleughman	229
The Land o' the Leal	230
Jacobite Song	231
The Laird o' Cockpen	232
The Auld House of Gask	234
The Robin's Nest	235
True Love	236

	PAGE
Song : Would you be young again?	238
Song : Rest is not here	239
Gude Nicht, and Joy be wi' ye a'	240
Here's a Health to them that are gane	240
The Dead who have died in the Lord	241
SUSANNA BLAMIRE.	
The Waefu' Heart	246
Song : And ye shall walk in silk attire	246
The Cumberland Scolding Match	247
Auld Robin Forbes	249
The Nabob's Return	250
MRS. DUGALD STEWART.	
The Tears I shed	256
MRS. JOHN HUNTER.	
Song : The Season comes when first we met	262
Song : My Mother bids me bind my Hair	262
The Lot of Thousands	263
Lines : Oh, Power Supreme !	263
MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.	
Old Age	267
MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.	
Morning and Evening	276
The Sun is sunk	276
Song : Wished-for Gales	277
Song : Open wide the Frontal Gate	278
Song : Wooed and Married and a'	279
A Child to his Grandfather	281
The Lady in her Car	283

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

PAGE

Song : The Murmur of the Merry Brook 290

Jeanie Morrison 291

JOHN BETHUNE.

My Grandmother 298

TWO SCOTCH SONGS. Authors Unknown.

Do ye think o' the Days that are gone ? 303

My Wife shall hae her Will 304



The Editor finds that by a mistake a poem (page 303) has been admitted among the Scotch Lyrics which does not come under the rule of her Selections.

The author is Miss Dora Greenwell.



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

BORN 1743 : DIED 1825.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Ode to Remorse	6
Dirge	11
Life	12
For Easter Sunday	13
Riddles	15
Fragments	16

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

I CAN have no hesitation about assigning the first place in this collection to the beloved and venerated Anna Letitia Barbauld. My own personal recollections of her are limited to what I saw at an advanced period of her life ; but she was the long-tried, faithful friend of those who had been about me from childhood, and the cordiality of her welcome for their sakes was followed up by many acts of kindness extending over several years of youth. Perhaps she never was seen to more advantage than at that time. The great storm of her life had passed over her head, and outwardly her course was undisturbed, though her nature, always somewhat irritable, remained so to the last. Her clear, keen eye, her ready repartee, her emotion easily kindled by any affecting passage in reading or in real life, are what I most distinctly bear in my memory ; but also the light thrown by her golden fancy over even the smallest object that came in her way was a most attractive charm. She would surprise you with a beautiful extempore enigma, when you thought she was repeating a favourite passage of poetry. In this manner came out that little Poem, so perfect of its kind, on ' Words,' which I have here given.

Of course, to do her justice, far more and far higher poetry must be given than I have inserted here. The ' Summer Evening's Meditation,' the ' Address to the Deity,' and some of the Hymns, may really be called sublime. May they ever find their place among the best treasures of our literature ! What I have (with much of hesitation) selected, are perhaps less known. The fine ' Ode to Remorse ' was written late in life, and was, I have reason to believe, considered by her as one of her best efforts. She read it in MS.

to several of her intimate friends, and it was observed that when she came to that point in which *small* neglects of duty were referred to—

The purposed act too long deferred—

there was a perceptible tremor in her voice, showing that she was conscious of a tendency to those minor shortcomings in herself.

‘The Dirge’ is surely very pathetic. I have been told it was written off at once on hearing of the death of the being she had most deeply loved, and whose mental estrangement had brought her worst trial, and she handed it to her brother with a broken voice, and eyes streaming with tears.

I could not omit the noble ‘Easter Hymn.’ Then follow the lines on ‘Life,’ then the two Riddles, and, lastly, the two Fragments, which were found in her pocket-book after her decease. The idea of the last of these seems to have been in some degree adopted and worked out in a little poem by Miss Christina Rossetti, which I venture to transcribe below.*

*

UPHILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes; to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn till night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof when the dark hours begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night—

Those who have gone before?

And must I knock, or call, when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of-labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea; beds for all who come.

I am glad to see that Sir Roundell Palmer has given us two more of Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns.

This, alas ! is all that will be found here. Much, much remains ; but it is something to have the opportunity of giving even this brief expression to some of one's earliest convictions respecting a woman whose heart was ever open to the claims of worth of every sort ; and in whom the poorest, no less than the highest form of intellect, found kindness and sympathy, provided there were the substantial elements of goodness and truth.

ODE TO REMORSE.

Dread offspring of the holy light within,
Offspring of Conscience and of Sin,
Stern as thine awful sire, and fraught with woe
From bitter springs thy mother taught to flow—
Remorse ! To man alone 'tis given
Of all on earth or all in heaven,
To wretched man thy bitter cup to drain,
Feel thy awakening stings, and taste thy wholesome pain.

Midst Eden's blissful bowers,
And amaranthine flowers,
Thy birth portentous dimmed the orient day,
What time our hapless sire,
O'ercome by fond desire,
The high command presumed to disobey ;
Then didst thou rear thy snaky crest,
And raise thy scorpion lash to tear the guilty breast :
And never, since that fatal hour,
May man, of woman born, expect t' escape thy power

Thy goading stings the branded Cain
Cross th' untrodden desert drove,
Ere from his cradling home and native plain
Domestic man had learnt to rove.
By gloomy shade or lonely flood
Of vast primeval solitude,
Thy step his hurried steps pursued,
Thy voice awoke his conscious fears,
For ever sounding in his ears
A father's curse, a brother's blood ;
Till life was misery too great to bear,
And torturing thought was lost in sullen, dumb despair.

The king who sat on Judah's throne,
By guilty love to murder wrought,
Was taught thy searching power to own,
When, sent of Heaven, the seer his royal presence sought.
As, wrapt in artful phrase, with sorrow feigned,
He told of helpless, meek distress,
And wrongs that sought from power redress,
The pity-moving tale his ear obtained,
And bade his better feelings wake :
Then, sudden as the trodden snake
On the scared traveller darts his fangs,
The prophet's bold rebuke aroused thy keenest pangs.

And, O that look—that soft upbraiding look !
A thousand cutting, tender things it spoke—
The sword so lately drawn was not so keen—
Which, as the injured Master turned Him round,
In the strange solemn scene,
And the shrill clarion gave th' appointed sound,
Pierced sudden through the reins,
Awakening all thy pains,
And drew a silent shower of bitter tears
Down Peter's blushing cheek, late pale with coward fears.

Cruel Remorse ! where Youth and Pleasure sport,
And thoughtless Folly keeps her court,
Crouching midst rosy bowers thou lurk'st unseen ;
Slumbering the festal hours away,
While Youth disports in that enchanting scene ;
Till on some fated day
Thou with a tiger-spring dost leap upon thy prey,
And tear his helpless breast, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay.

Mark that poor wretch with clasped hands !
Pale o'er his parent's grave he stands—
The grave by his ingratitude prepared ;
Ah then, where'er he rests his head,

On roses pillowed on the softest down,
 Though festal wreaths his temples crown,
 He well might envy Guatimozin's bed,
 With burning coals and sulphur spread,
 And with less agony his torturing hour have shared.

For Thou art by to point the keen reproach ;
 Thou draw'st the curtains of his nightly couch,
 Bring'st back the reverend face with tears bedewed,
 That o'er his follies yearned ;
 The warnings oft in vain renewed,
 The looks of anguish and of love
 His stubborn breast that failed to move,
 When in the scorner's chair he sat, and wholesome counsel
 spurned.

Lives there a man whose labouring breast
 Is with some dark and guilty secret prest,
 Who hides within its inmost fold
 Strange crimes to mortal ear untold ?
 In vain to sad Chartreuse he flies,
 Midst savage rocks and cloisters dim and drear,
 And there to shun thee tries :
 In vain untold his crime to mortal ear,
 Silence and whispered sounds but make thy voice more clear.

Lo, where the cowed monk with frantic rage
 Lifts high the sounding scourge, his bleeding shoulders smites !
 Penance and fasts his anxious thoughts engage,
 Weary his days and joyless are his nights,
 His naked feet the flinty pavement tears,
 His knee at every shrine the marble wears ;—
 Why does he lift the cruel scourge ?
 The restless pilgrimage why urge ?
 'Tis all to quell thy fiercer rage,
 'Tis all to soothe thy deep despair,
 He courts the body's pangs, for thine he cannot bear.

See o'er the bleeding corse of her he loved,
The jealous murderer bends unmoved,
Trembling with rage, his livid lips express
His frantic passion's wild and rash excess.
O God ! she's innocent ! transfixt he stands,
Pierced through with shafts from thine avenging hands ;
Down his pale cheek no tear will flow,
Nor can he shun, nor can he bear, his woe.

'Twas phantoms summoned by thy power
Round Richard's couch at midnight hour,
That scared the tyrant from unblest repose ;
With frantic haste, ' To horse ! to horse ! ' he cries,
While on his crowned brow cold sweat-drops rise,
And fancied spears his spear oppose ;
But not the swiftest steed can bear away
From thy firm grasp thine agonising prey.

Thou wast the fiend, and thou alone,
That stood by Beaufort's mitred head,
With upright hair and visage ghastly pale :
Thy terrors shook his dying bed,
Past crimes and blood his sinking heart assail,
His hands are clasped—hark to that hollow groan !
See how his glazed dim eye-balls wildly roll,
'Tis not dissolving Nature's pains, that pang is of the
soul.

Where guilty souls are doomed to dwell,
'Tis thou that mak'st their chiefest hell,
The vulture thou that on their liver feeds,
As rise to view their past unhallowed deeds ;
With thee condemned to stay,
Till time has rolled away
Long eras of uncounted years,
And every stain is washed in soft repentant tears.

Servant of God—but unbeloved—proceed,
For thou must live and ply thy scorpion scourge ;
 Thy sharp upbraidings urge
 Against th' unrighteous deed,
Till thine accursed mother shall expire,
And a new world spring forth from renovating fire.

O ! when the glare of day is fled,
And calm, beneath the evening star,
Reflection leans her pensive head,
And calls the passions to her solemn bar ;
Reviews the censure rash, the hasty word,
The purposed act too long deferred,
Of time the wasted treasures lent,
And fair occasions lost and golden hours misspent ;—

When anxious Memory numbers o'er
Each offered prize we failed to seize ;
Or friends laid low, whom now no more
Our fondest love can serve or please ;
And thou, dread power ! bring'st back, in terrors drest,
Th' irrevocable past, to sting the careless breast ;—

O ! in that hour be mine to know,
While fast the silent sorrows flow,
And wisdom cherishes the wholesome pain,
No heavier guilt, no deeper stain,
Than tears of meek contrition may atone,
Shed at the mercy-seat of Heaven's eternal throne.

DIRGE.

Written November 1808.

Pure spirit ! O where art thou now ?
O whisper to my soul !
O let some soothing thought of thee,
This bitter grief control !

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wrecked thy peace
Shall tear that gentle breast ;
Nor summer's rage, nor winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,
My sorrows are to come ;
Awhile I weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies ?

O, in some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of thy God,
Thou rest'st from human woe.

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
 On me, on me descend ;
 To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
 Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,
 And teach my weakened mind
 To welcome all that's left of good,
 To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love,
 Be thy dear memory blest !
 Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
 When I too am at rest.

LIFE.

Animula, vagula, blandula.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part ;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.
 But this I know, when thou art fled,
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
 No clod so valueless shall be,
 As all that then remains of me.
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
 From matter's base, encumbering weed ?

Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years, th' appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee ?

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line ;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give ;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

RIDDLES.

I

From rosy bowers we issue forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way :
We foster love and kindle strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life :
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel ;
Now, smooth as oil, those wounds we heal :
Not strings of pearl are valued more,
Or gems enchased in golden ore ;
Yet thousands of us every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass ;
For, once escaped, back to our cell
No human art can us compel.

II

Ye youths and ye virgins, come, list to my tale.
With youth and with beauty my voice will prevail ;
My smile is enchanting, and golden my hair,
And on earth I am fairest of all that are fair ;
But my name it perhaps may assist you to tell
That I'm banished alike both from heaven and hell.
There's a charm in my voice—'tis than music more sweet ;
And my tale, oft repeated, untired I repeat.
I flatter, I soothe, I speak kindly to all,
And wherever you go, I am still within call.
Though I thousands have blest, 'tis a strange thing to say,
That not one of the thousand e'er wishes my stay,

But when most I enchant them, impatient the more,
 The minutes seem hours till my visit is o'er.
 In the chase of my love I am ever employed ;
 Still, still he's pursued, and yet never enjoyed ;
 O'er hills and o'er mountains unwearied I fly,
 But should I o'ertake him, that instant I die ;
 Yet I spring up again, and again I pursue
 The object still distant, the passion still new.
 Now guess—and to raise your astonishment most,
 While you seek me you have me, when found I am lost.

FRAGMENTS.

I

Fall, fall, poor leaf ! that on the naked bough,
 Sole, lingering spectacle of sad decay,
 Sitst shivering in the blasts of dark November !
 Thy fellows strew the ground, not one is left
 To grace thy naked side ; late, who could count
 Their number ? multitudinous and thick,
 Veiling the noonday blaze,—behind their shade
 The birds, half hid, disported—clustering fruit
 Behind their ample shade lay, glowing ripe.

No bird salutes thee now : nor the green sap
 Mounts in thy veins : thy spring, thy summer gone,
 Even the crimson tints. . . .

Thy grave but rich autumnal livery,
 That pleased the eye of contemplation,
 Some filament perhaps, some tendril stronger
 Than all the rest, resists the whirling blast—

Fall, fall, poor leaf !

Thy solitary self shows more . . .

The nakedness of winter—

Why wait to fall and strew the ground like them ?

II

O is there not a land
Where the north wind blows not ?
Where bitter blasts are felt not ?
O is there not a land
Between pole and pole,
Where the war-trumpet sounds not
To disturb the deep serene ?
And can I go there
Without or wheel or sails ?
Without crossing ford or river,
Wafted by gentle gales ?

There is a land,
And without wheel or sail
Fast, fast shalt thou be wafted,
Whichever way blows the gale.
Do the billows roll between ?
Must I cross the stormy main ?

* * * *

Green and quiet is the spot ;
Thou need'st not quit the arms
That tenderly enfold thee.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BORN 1765: DIED JUNE 1849.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Laura	25
Song	27
Folly	27
To the Muse	29

WILLIAM SMYTH.

MR. SMYTH has himself told us that he was educated partly by a private tutor, partly at Eton, finishing by entering the University of Cambridge as a student at St. Peter's College. He took his B.A. degree in 1787, and his M.A. degree in 1790. While at college, his father, a banker, failed, and the family had to break up and provide for themselves. One brother became a soldier; another, by the kindness of his schoolmaster, was sent to Oxford, and he himself was under considerable difficulty in consequence of a nervous affection of the eyes. 'I could not,' he says, 'read more than two or three hours in the day, and not at all at night. I had no other chance but to go tutor into some family where such services and superintendence as in that state I could render might be worth some pecuniary recompense. I therefore wrote, right and left, to my college and other friends, informing them of my wishes.'

The speedy result of these enquiries was Mr. Smyth's being informed that the son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan had just left school at Dr. Parr's; that the doctor could do nothing with him; that he was running wild at Sheridan's house at Isleworth—the mother dead, the father never at home; and that a tutor was wanted for him, but this tutor must be seen and judged of by Mr. Sheridan. Arrangements were made, after a series of difficulties, arising entirely from Sheridan's unpunctual habits. A handsome business letter came to Smyth after the interview, however, and it was settled that he was to live with his pupil, Tom Sheridan, in

a house possessed by his father at Wanstead. The youth had a quick intelligent manner, but was of very versatile habits.

The connection, though productive of great difficulty to Mr. Smyth, was on the whole advantageous, and would have been amusing but for the impossibility of dealing satisfactorily as questions arose with either the father or the son.

Seldom has there been a more graphic picture of a tutor's life drawn by any pen than that which Mr. Smyth afterwards drew up and printed for private circulation, calling it, perhaps erroneously, a 'Memoir of Mr. Sheridan.' It has, we believe, never been published, but is pretty well known. Of its entire correctness, as a portrait of Sheridan himself, we have no doubt whatever. Unhappy in different ways were all who came in contact with that most splendid, most irregular, unprincipled genius. 'True it is,' as Mr. Smyth observes, 'he did at last arrive at that degraded state that he could deny himself nothing ; that he might be generous or noble, as he often was, or benevolent and tender, polite and courteous, and refined ; but none of these, for more than a moment, if any inordinate impulse or guilty appetite interfered. No finer mind was ever entrusted to man, and originally, I sincerely believe, no better heart. To the last there was in it no malignity, no spirit of revenge, nothing severe or morose, or uncharitable or unkind. But all was useless and vain, from the moment that (and this was at an early period) he had lost his self-government,' &c.—*Memoir*, p. 71.

We wish it were not going beyond our present bounds to quote page after page of Mr. Smyth's charming sketch of his tutorship, but our business is with his poetry. 'In 1807,' he says, in a slight autobiographical notice, 'Lord Henry Petty gave me the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge.' This post he creditably filled for many years, everywhere known and much beloved ; and when he finally gave up his position at Cambridge, he went to live with his brother at Norwich, where he died.

The inscription on his tomb in Norwich Cathedral is as follows :

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

M.A.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE FROM 1780 TO 1849.

OBIIT JUNE 24TH, 1849

AGED 84.

There is also a memorial window in the cathedral.

His poems are what too few poets allow their works to be—most fair representatives of his own character, a genial, kindly, affectionate man, with not a little old-fashioned gallantry, but indicating at every turn a singular pure-mindedness. In one of his little clever *jeux d'esprit* he pretends to give his own character as 'a good-natured man, who died regretted by his friends and acquaintance, more especially by Messrs. North and Hoare, his tea-dealers,' thereby commemorating one of his well-known tastes, which was that of maintaining an 'eternal tea-pot.' His only prose work, besides his 'Lectures on History,' and the 'Life of Sheridan,' was a little book on the 'Evidences of Christianity,' valuable from its manifest sincerity and earnestness, for Smyth was a hearty believer. As to the productions of his muse, we should be inclined to say the lady was rather too garrulous; but the 'English Lyrics,' which have seen five editions, the last in 1850, contain some very attractive poems, both of the grave and gay kind. Cheerfulness, perhaps, a tone of contentment with Providence, and a desire to think well of his fellow-creatures, predominate. The lively lines in praise of 'Folly' I could not resolve to omit. His own portrait, well recognised by all who knew him, may be seen in his lines on 'Youthful Old Age.'

But see, he comes, a veteran grey,
He comes, dear honest fellow,
Still found through seventy winters gay,
Not soured by age, but mellow.
His every look is kind and blithe,
Content in every feature ;
He steals from Time his odious scythe,
And seems reprieved by nature.
Good-humour on his brow serene
Her beauteous chaplet places ;
Gives Wisdom an attractive mien,
And Virtue all her graces.
Though fast may fade the leaves away,
Autumnal tints assuming,
His spirits scorn his frame's decay,
And all his soul is blooming.

Poems, 5th edition, p. 222.

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love ;
I hear, and wake the favoured lay,
For Laura's lips no wish can move
But I am blessed when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who formed the song you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee,
To nature just, to genius warm !
But ah ! the bard, where is he fled ?
Like common forms of vulgar clay
The shades of night are round him spread,
The bard has lived and passed away.

And he, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touched with new eloquence the heart,
And waked to melody sublime ;
How vainly would my eyes require
And seek him in the realms of day !
For, like the master of the lyre,
He too has lived and passed away.

Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclined
These notes some unknown minstrel fired ;
Yet where, to silent death resigned,
Rests now the form the muse inspired ?

No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay ;
Alas ! while lives the song to charm,
All but the song has passed away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that softened eye,
How quickly through thy heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh.
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can genius claim ;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on, and mourn, thou generous maid,
Ah, mourn for man, thus doomed to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy, an hour renew.
Vain, humbled man ! must every pride,
All thy fond glories, feel decay ?
Must every boast, if once allied
To thee, but live to pass away ?

Vain, humbled man ! as transient flies
Whate'er thy reasoning mind revered ;
In some loved maid thus sinks and dies
All to thine inmost soul endeared.
Oh, Laura ! haste thee to my breast ;
Come, all thy life thy love convey !
Oh, closer to my heart be prest—
Dost thou too live to pass away ?

SONG.

Oh ! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is ambition's treasure ?
And what are the joys the modish share
In their haunts of sickly pleasure ?
The shade, with its silence, oh ! is it not sweet ?
And to lie in the sun by the fountain ?
And the wild flowers' scent at eve to meet,
And to rove over the heath and the mountain ?

Oh ! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet marked, as 'tis springing ;
The zephyr heard, as at eve it sighs,
The blackbird loved for its singing ?
Oh ! there alone can the heart be gay,
The thought be free from sorrow ;
And short the night and sweet the day,
And welcome again the morrow.

FOLLY.

Away, ye grave ! I war declare,
For I the praise of Folly sing ;
She gives my looks their careless air,
She gives my thoughts eternal wing ;
She gives me bliss—can you do more ?
Oh ! never gave ye such a treasure ;
Be wisdom yours—I'll not deplore ;
Be folly mine, and all her pleasure.

Ah ! what were life, of Folly left ?
A world which no kind sun could warm ;
A child, to step-dame Reason left,
No sweet to please, no toy to charm.
Where, Mirth, were then thy frolic gleams ?
Where, Wit, thy whims and gay effusions ?
And where, O Hope, thy golden dreams,
Enchanting smiles, and dear delusions ?

How, think you, would poor Friendship fare
Did Folly never Friendship blind ?
And had not Love found Folly there,
How soon had Love the world resigned !
And is it not at honeymoon
That Hymen laughs at melancholy ?
And would he mournful look so soon
If still he kept on terms with Folly ?

What soldier would consent to fight,
What tar be to the bottom hurled,
What poet sing, what scholar write,
Were Folly banished from the world ?
Tell me, whom most this goddess rules—
Is it the patients or physicians ?
Whom shall we call the greatest fools—
The people or the politicians ?

What charms in opera, ball or play,
Did Folly not the scene attend ?
How poor the rich, how sad the gay,
Were Folly not their truest friend.
How ever should we hope to find
Pleased with itself each happy creature,
If all were wise and none were blind,
And Folly never succoured Nature ?

For once be wise—ye grave ones hear :
Why need I more my theme pursue ?
If all alike such fools appear,
Let me with smiles be pardoned too.
Wisdom you love, and so do I—
Am no derider, no despiser ;
But I, of fools, the grave ones fly,
And think the merry fools the wiser.

TO THE MUSE.

They tell me, Muse (oh ! words of fear),
'Tis ruin thus thy lyre to hear,
That thou hast smiles that but deceive me ;
That idly, while thy power inspires,
My mind consumes, my life retires—
They tell me, Muse, that I must leave thee.

Oh ! when the sun, with welcome ray,
Warms chilly spring's uncertain day,
And varying fancies grieve and cheer me,
Stealing the sheltered vale along ;
Oh ! must I wake no answering song,
Though nature calls, and thou art near me ?

Or when the summer's fiercest heat
Bids me to shady streams retreat,
And languors seize, and dreams amuse me,
Attained to peace, and love, and thee,
In all the bliss of vacancy,
Then, dear enchantress, must I lose thee ?

When calm the sky, the landscape still,
At autumn's eve, and near the rill,
Or on the mountain, thou art nigh me,
To bid me mark the shortening day,
The fading world, and man's decay,
Then, pensive teacher, must I fly thee ?

Or when from splendour's tumult gay,
Or noisy mirth, I glide away
To some lone room, where none perceive me,
And sit the beating rain to hear,
Or whistling wind in winter drear,
Oh ! would they bid me then to leave thee ?

How ever shall these reasoners cold,
Of fancy's dreams, of joys be told,
Of joys their wisdom cannot measure ;
That summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Can each to me its offering bring,
In ceaseless round of harmless pleasure ?

They know not how the deepening trees,
Dark glens and shadowy rocks, can please,
The morning blush, the smile of even ;
What streams and lawns and mountains mean,
The dying gale, the breathing scene,
The midnight calm, the whispering heaven.

They know not how thy ready smile,
Thy guardian power, can life beguile,
And let nor spleen nor folly tease me ;
And, or by fancy's colours bright,
Or sympathy's soft dewy light,
Give every object charms to please me.

A thousand times to me they say,
That I to wealth my vows should pay,
That bliss resides in golden treasures.
Ah ! dearest Muse, how far above
Such prostitute, such hapless love,
How far removed are all my pleasures !

They bid me worldly honours gain,
And toil, perhaps, with useless pain,
To feel, when bartered every blessing,
To feel, too late, that life's sole aim
Had only won a vulgar fame,
And toys I think not worth possessing.

Quit not, they cry, the common road,
There best is happiness bestowed
Where fancy rests and hope reposes.
But I, with thee, midst sunny bowers
Am wandering far, and lose the hours
In twining wreaths and gathering roses.

Ah ! Muse, to me thy fondness show,
If I for thee the world forego;
And brave neglect, and scorn inherit ;
No thoughts, no bliss, with others share,
And all thy marks of folly bear,
Ah ! let me bear thy marks of merit.

What though, like all who own thy sway,
Though meaner powers I must obey,
Though vanity too oft must rule me,
The treacherous goddess, ah, persuade
Not too severely to degrade,
But with her harmless dreams to fool me.

Tell her to soothe my willing ear
With hopes to lonely fancy dear,
That hours shall come of peaceful pleasures,
When many a maid of radiant eye,
Shall o'er my lyre in secret sigh,
And bless the bard whose verse she treasures ;

That e'en in learning's colder bowers,
The reasoner on his vacant hours
Shall find my muse no vain intruder ;
Nor feel his mind with feebler awe
Less willing bow to virtue's law,
And sure his gentle heart not ruder.

But be my soul by thee refined,
From passions selfish and unkind,
To wealth no slave, to rank no suitor ;
Be innocence my bosom's guard,
Benevolence my heart's reward,
And artlessness my only tutor.

Be ready still, o'er place, o'er time,
My towering spirit to sublime ;
When fortune frowns and would distress me,
When bleak the skies and bare the ground,
Bid all thy paradise around
Burst into bloom, and smile, and bless me.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,

OF

DUNSON.



CHARLES JOHNSTON.

I AM unable to give any account of the author of the beautiful Sonnets which follow, except that he was the nephew of Professor William Smyth, and that he died at an early age, of decline, having given ample proof of poetical talent of a high order. Some of his Sonnets appeared in a volume of 'Poems, chiefly Manuscript, and from living Authors; edited, for the benefit of a Friend, by Joanna Baillie.' During the time of this volume passing through the press (in 1823), the Editor laments having received the intelligence of Mr. Johnston's death.

A number of his other Sonnets, original and translated, were afterwards printed, but not published, and from this volume the following specimens are given. Independent of the harmonious and beautiful structure of the verse, surely the more than foreboding, the certainty, of death nearly approaching, invests them with great interest. In the Sonnet marked as No. VI. in the posthumous volume, and which I have placed last, this is very touchingly put.

SONNETS.

I

There is a virtue, which to Fortune's height
Follows us not, but in the vale below,
Where dwell the ills of life, disease and woe,
Holds on its steady course, serenely bright.
So some lone star, whose softly beaming light
We mark not in the blaze of solar day,
Comes forth with pure and ever constant ray,
That makes even beautiful the gloom of night.
Thou art that star, so lovely and so lone,
That virtue of distress, Fidelity.
And Thou, when every joy and hope are flown,
Cling'st to the relics of humanity,
Making, with all its sorrows, life still dear,
And death, with all its terrors, void of fear.

XIX

Dream not that She, the nymph whom I adore,
For that she's gay, and beautiful, and young,
Is all unskilled in wisdom's nobler lore,
That nought but mirth e'er issued from her tongue.
What is the law, that wisdom should belong
To age, and frowns, to wrinkles and to care?
When other powers grow weak, does she grow strong?
In others' wreck can she herself repair?
Go, mark the tree which golden wealth does bear,
Where, on one branch, the flower, the fruit expands;
The flower, which loads with fragrance all the air,
The fruit, which woos the grasp of outstretched hands:
So, in the goddess whom I worship, shine
Beauty's fair flower and wisdom's fruit divine.

XXI

Oh ! 'tis not vain what the rapt poet sings
That those we loved in life, in death attend
Our steps : in sorrow soothe, from ill defend :
Hovering like angels round with noiseless wings.
Death cannot burst the bonds the heart which bind :
Beauty and goodness vanish not like breath :
And thus, beloved, I love thee still in death,
Love thee with love as strong and more refined.
Ever and everywhere thou meet'st mine eyes :
Whether I roam at eve the grove's deep night,
Or seek the haunts of men and day's broad light,
Still I behold thee, still I hear thee nigh :
And how more sweet than any living smiles,
This converse high, which every sense beguiles !

LII

Thou wert indeed my bliss, my hope, my pride,
And Death has called thee ere thy day was done :
With thee my bliss, my hope, my pride are gone.
Yet Death, who wrought this woe, no more I chide ;
For thou, though fair and bright, hast laid aside
An earthly frame, one brighter to put on
That shall not perish, and the meed hast won
Of those who pure have lived and holy died.
For me, hadst thou to earth been longer given,
Too much, perchance, had earth my soul possessed ;
Now every thought belongs to thee and Heaven :
This hope my prayer, in humbleness expressed,
That God will join the bonds that He has riven,
And bless in Paradise whom here He blessed.

XXVI

I have lived long enough ; for I have lived
Till hope has perished. There are miseries
More keen than mine, and some men have survived,
And some have maddened in their agonies,
And thus unto their end all have arrived :
For the wild storm that mingles sea and skies
Must waste itself, or the tall rock be rived,
Quick as the bolt, which it in vain defies ;
But deep beneath the mountain works the river
Its viewless, ceaseless, and resistless way :
And grief that whelms not, yet consumes for ever,
Thus, day by day, has worn my life's decay ;
But the last prop the next rude shock shall shiver,
And the frail fabric shall be swept away.

XXVII

O ! what is death ? the last of mortal pain ?
And is this all even nature bids us know ?
Thou who hast said that nothing back must go
To nothing, what behold'st thou in that reign
Of Death, the tomb, thy sophism to maintain ?
Change, not destruction, does the charnel show :
And shall not He, who first from dust bade flow
The vital stream, that stream call forth again ?
And if in yon fair form the spirit fair
Inhabit not, nor couldst thou see it part,
Deem not thy soul, fond wretch ! a breath of air ;
Could such expand thy mind, or fire thy heart ?
Why use thy heavenly reason but to err,
Nor feel the Power that made thee as thou art ?

XVII

Lovely indeed art thou, O Solitude !
And good and bad to thy calm refuge fly :
For the deep forest and the starry sky
Make good men better, and make bad men good.
Yet art thou not too strictly to be woo'd :
For, like those poisons whose fine quality
Can still the throb of corporal agony,
But, drunk too oft, death-like arrest the blood ;
Thus, Solitude, thy influence soothes the mind,
Thus lulls it in a sweet but dire repose,
Till man forgets the feelings of his kind,
And Heaven's best purposes in life foregoes,
Who bade him not to shrink, but bear resigned,
And mitigate, not fly from others' woes.

XIV

I know thee not, bright creature ! ne'er shall know,
Thy course and mine lie far and far away ;
Yet Heaven this once has given me to survey
Those charms that seldom may be seen below.
We part as soon as met ; but where I go
Thy form shall ever be : upon thy way
Shall Heaven, for thou art Heaven's, its mildest ray
Shed ever bright : yet though disease and woe
Thy cheek consume not, Time will have his prey,
And I may meet and know thee not again ;
But what lives in the mind shall not decay,
And thus shall mine thy form divine retain,
In all the freshness of youth's dawning day,
When thou mayst be no more, and earth laments in vain.

II

I've seen my day before its noon decline,
And dark is still the future, nor, alas !
Can Hope, with all the magic of her glass,
Irradiate the deep gloom which fate malign
Has gathered round—yet I will not repine :
For though the courage that can do and dare
Be brightest glory—unsubdued TO BEAR,
That calmer, better virtue, may be mine ;
For this is of the mind ;—to slay, be slain,
Asks but a moment's energies, and Fame
First wakens and then keeps alive the flame :
But Patience must itself, itself sustain,
And must itself reward, nor hope to find
The praise or the compassion of mankind.

THE ROSCOE POETRY.



CONTENTS.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

(*Born 1753: Died 1830.*)

	PAGE
The Butterfly's Birthday	47
Sonnet: on parting with his Books	50
Imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh	50

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

The Bard's Lament for Llewellyn	51
Written on a Sunday in Autumn	53

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

(*Son to the above.*)

Lines to a Child	54
The Year of Love	55

MARGARET ROSCOE.

(*Mrs. Sandbach, daughter of Mr. Edward Roscoe.*)

Evening	56
Lines: When shall we meet again?	57

ROBERT ROSCOE.

A Sonnet	59
The Voyager of Life	59

MARY ANNE ROSCOE.

(Mrs. T. Jevons.)

	PAGE
A Night Thought	61
The Home of Youth	62
Lines to —	63
Hymn	63

HENRY ROSCOE.

A Vision	64
Lines to —	65

JANE E. ROSCOE.

(Mrs. Hornblower.)

Charity	66
Good Morn	68
Si deseris pereō	69

THE ROSCOE POETRY.

IT is difficult to bring together with good effect specimens of the writings of a whole family. The editorial remarks which would be very correct if applied to two or three members of the group, may not be thought so suitable to others. Whether the sort of knowledge springing from friendship, early formed and unbroken to the end, can bring the whole into harmony, is doubtful ; for do not we all perceive differences as well as general likenesses the more when we intimately know individuals ? Yet it seems to me that if ever there was a family which might fairly and justly be treated of as a whole, it is this.

In my first idea I only included the father and the immediate generation of sons and daughters. Of these (the latter numbered nine), there is but ONE remaining. Time was when they were gathered together, a goodly and a happy race, under their father's roof at Allerton, using their graceful gifts for the enjoyment of all around them. That golden time passed away, and they had to go forth into the world, each on his separate course ; and if the world dealt on the whole kindly with them, and if each achieved for himself a name and place in society, yet it would seem that the rough, hardy strength which carries on men and women to long life was not theirs. One by one, at intervals, longer or shorter, they faded away, leaving memories inexpressibly dear to those who knew them best, though what is left of their actual achievements in literature is not of the striking, popular quality, which at once commands success. But whatever might be the subjects on which they wrote, there was an impress of elegance, of refinement, of purity—never any pandering to artificial, much

less to low tastes ; but a simple way of telling out their own thoughtful minds in the most natural language. And all the time, whatever shades of difference in expression or modes of treatment there might be among them, abhorrence of inhumanity in any form, love of freedom and of truth, marked their lives and their writings, and made the name of Roscoe ever more and more beloved.

Of the HEAD of the house it would be presumptuous to speak in connection with the small specimens here given. Every reader of history, especially Italian history and poetry, knows what Mr. Roscoe did for them in this country. The little pieces I have given are taken from a small volume entitled 'Poems for Youth,' edited by one of the daughters.

On more mature consideration I have ventured to insert two poems by the eldest son's eldest son, Mr. W. Caldwell Roscoe, who fell a victim to fever at the age of thirty-four, in July 1857. He was a young man of the highest promise, and his death was the occasion of deep sorrow. 'The Year of Love' is manifestly incorrect ; it is a posthumous publication, but it contains some most beautiful stanzas. I have also added two specimens from the poems of Mrs. Sandbach, the accomplished daughter of Mr. Roscoe's second son, Edward.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTHDAY.

The shades of night had scarcely fled,
The air was soft, the winds were still,
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill :

From floating clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short but balmy shower ;
That hung, like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower :

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so long and loud a swell,
As echoed with responsive note,
From mountain side and shadowy dell

When, bursting forth to light and life,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew
But, as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textured wings enfold ;
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling with joy awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray :
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail ;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields ;
Share all the joys that spring can give ;
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live ;

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honeyed cup explore ;
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store !

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose,
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while thus I musing stand,
Swell on the gale an airy note :
And, breathing from a viewless band,
Soft, silvery tones around me float.

They cease ; but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy,—
' Thy hour of rest approaches near ;
Prepare thee, mortal ! thou must die.

‘ Yet start not—on thy closing eyes
Another day shall yet unfold :
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

‘ Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in nature’s train,
Thus rise in newborn lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain ?

‘ Ah ! where were once her golden eyes,
Her beauteous wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

‘ Like thee the hapless reptile lived ;
Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun :
Like thine his closing hour arrived,
His labours ceased, his work was done.

‘ And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know;
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow ?

‘ Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame ?
Or shall not He who moulded them
Wake at His will the vital flame ?

‘ Go, mortal ! in thy reptile state
Enough to know to thee is given ;
Go, and the joyful truth repeat,
Frail child of earth—High heir of heaven ! ’

SONNET: ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, yet hopes again ere while
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers as he may affliction's dart ;
 Thus, loved associates ! chiefs of elder art !
 Teachers of wisdom ! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you, nor with fainting heart ;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours;
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
 When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

IMITATION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In fieldis grene,
 Silvered with hawthorne white,
 To walk alone, and meditate unsene,
 Is my delyte :

O'er uplande hills,
 With painefull feet to straine,
 And see grete shippes, whose sails the light wind fills
 Or distant mayne ;

Or whenne the sun
 Climbs to his chamber high
 O'er willow banks, where shallow rivers run,
 Creepe silent bye,

So pass my dayes,
From noisome cities far ;
From hope and feare, from envie, blame, and praise,
And wordie war.

For it is sedde
That nought was ever knowne
Of greate or goode to spring from hart or hedde
But when alone.

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR LLEWELLYN.

O mourn, my harp ! along the vale
Where great Llewellyn fought and bled ;
And sigh upon the wandering gale
That soothes his gory bed.
In chains of death, with swordless hands,
His fallen heroes round him sleep.
Weep, Britain, o'er the dragon bands,
Despairing Britain, weep !

The ruby banners, drenched in blood,
The raging of the battle tell,
How dark, how deep the crimson flood,
Where all thy warriors fell :
Their valiant hands, their burning hearts
Are mouldering in the silent clay ;
Thy freedom falls, thy fame departs,
Thy glory fades away.

False. Edward's vengeance gluts the plain ;
His voice is death, his words are fire.
Lo ! Britain's thousand bards are slain,
The souls of song expire.
Yet, tyrant, shalt thou ne'er destroy
The spirit of their moving strings ;
Their magic voice for aye shall fly
On time's remotest wings.

Lords of the lyre ! they fall, they bleed :
But, hark ! the hills with music swell ;
The dark woods shout to glory's meed,
And Echo wakes her shell :
The winds that sweep the mountains round,
Catch the soft numbers ere they die ;
The green vales drink the passing sound
In sorrowing ecstasy.

The forests wave in vocal pride,
Responsive to the ocean's roar ;
The rivers murmur in their tide,
And sigh on every shore ;
And future ages, as along
The destined stream of life they roll,
Shall hear the faint surviving song
Still speaking to the soul.

But hush, my harp, thy plaintive sound ;
Thy aged master yields his breath,
And silence soon shall reign around
This gloomy vale of death.
Farewell, my harp of bounding wire,
My joy, my sorrow, and my pride,
Pour thy soft notes as I expire,
And slumber at my side.

But, if the Saxon's blood-stained hand
Should violate thy sacred string,
Indignant burst his stern command,
And themes of glory sing :
Blanch his fierce cheek with freedom's song,
Thy country's first and latest toast,
And Britain's wildest strain prolong,
Though sighing in the dust.

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY IN AUTUMN.

Sweet is the autumnal day,
The sabbath of the year ;
When the sun sheds a soft and farewell ray,
And journeys slowly on his silent way,
And wintry storms are near.

Sweet is the autumnal rose
That lingers late in bloom,
And while the north wind on its bosom blows,
Upon the chill and misty air bestows
A cherishing perfume.

Sweet is life's setting ray,
While Hope stands smiling near ;
When the soul muses on the future day,
And through the clouds that shade her homeward way,
Heaven's azure skies appear. j.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

LINES TO A CHILD.

Come my beauty, come my bird,
We two will wander, and no third
Shall mar that sweetest solitude
Of a garden and a child,
When the fresh elms are first in bud,
And western winds blow mild.

Clasp that short yielding arm about a neck
Strip of a deeper love's more close embrace,
And with the softness of thy baby cheek
Press roses on a care distrainted face.

What ! set thee down, because the air
Ruffles too boldly thy brown hair ?
Walk then, and as thy tiny boot
Presses the greenness of the sod,
Teach me to see that tottering foot
Uplifted and set down by God—

Teach me, a stronger, tenderer Hand than mine,
Sways every motion of thy infant frame ;
Bid me take hold, like thee, and not repine,
Weak with my errors and deserved shame.

How ? home again ? ah, that soft laughter
Tells me what voice thou hankerest after :
Run, run with that bright shining face
And little hands stretched far apart,
Into a mother's fond embrace,
Close, closer to her heart.

I too will turn, for I discern a voice
Which whispers me that I am far from home,
Bids me repent, and, led by holier choice,
Back to a Father's open bosom come.

THE YEAR OF LOVE.

To his Wife.

Ask me not, sweet, when first I loved thee ;
Nor bid me carry back
Love's meditative memory
Down through a narrowing track.

Remember how, in the sweet spring-time's
First faint prophetic hours,
The golden-headed aconite
Began the time of flowers.

Then seemed it to our happy hearts,
As we stood hand in hand,
As if the promise were fulfilled,
And summer in the land.

Slowly the sap rose in the tree,
Slowly the airs blew mild,
Softly the seasons grew, as grows
The sweetness of thy child.

And when the March wind sowed the banks
With early violets,
Or April hung the larchen trees
In green and crimson nets :

Or with white hawthorn-buds in hand
 Through yellowing oaken woods,
 The young light-footed May came down,—
 We knew no changing moods.

We taxed not by comparisons
 The season's growing prime ;
 But stood each present day, and said,
 ' *This* is the happy time.'

Now, in the royal day of roses
 (Our love being in its June),
 Stand so, nor ask what note began
 This full harmonious tune.

I know thy love hath broadened, yet
 I know when it began,
 It seemed the fulness of the grace
 That could be granted man.

So deem of mine : nor with spring thoughts
 The fuller June-tide cummer : *
 My love grew like the year, and grows
 Up through an endless summer.

MARGARET ROSCOE.

(*Mrs. Sandbach.*)

EVENING.

Speak in soft whispers ! Evening falls !
 Her spirit in its silence calls

* *Cummer* = *cumber* (Yorkshire).

To peace and hope, and holy thought,
And gives the rest the mourner sought.

Tread lightly on the dewy ground
A balm is falling all around,
Shedding on earth its cooling shower,
And on the heart its healing power.

Gather the loved around ! and now
Breathe the fond word, the tender vow ;
For love throws, like the sweetest flowers,
Its fragrance o'er the evening hours.

Pure be each thought ! for angels' eyes
Are beaming from the moonlit skies ;
Soft be the sigh of earthly love,
'Tis echoed in the realms above !

LINES: WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again ? We, who have trod
The same wild path, and the same verdant sod,
When shall we meet again ? We, who have been
On mountain heights together, and have seen,
In wondrous beauty, spread before the eye,
The far blue waters mingling with the sky.
In the soft distance, and beneath our feet
The fertile valley smiling, calm and sweet,
The cottage home, the high and stately tower,
The haunt of chieftain, and the lady's bower.
We, who o'er stormy wave with gallant sail
Have ridden safely in the freshening gale,
Have skimmed the glittering lake with rapid oar,
And landed gaily on th' inviting shore,

Where smile has answered smile, and kindly voice
Has made each glad and throbbing heart rejoice !
In scenes like these, all free from care and pain,
Say, bright-eyed Hope, when shall we meet again ?
Speak to us in thy tones so light and gay,
Chase the sad fear, the fond regret away,
Reveal some vision of the years to come,
And o'er the future spread thy radiant bloom.
For life is passing, and the hand of change
Is ever busy in its ceaseless range ;
And mortals compassed with the woes of time
(Whose solemn music, with its heavy chime,
Falls cold upon the ear) look up to thee
To set the spirit from its prison free,
To loose the chains that bind us down to earth,
And soar to regions where thy smiles have birth.
And yet, what art thou ? but an airy dream,
Made up of fancies and delights, which seem
To wear the forms we love—a gleam so bright
That sometimes blinds us with its dazzling light ;
A lovely form, that flits before our way,
Which we must follow, lead us where it may !
Yes ! in thy gardens, 'mid thy flowers full-blown,
We walk in dreams, and start to find them flown.

When shall we meet again ? Say, holy Faith !
Whisper of things beyond decay and death,
Lead with unfaltering step, and steadfast eye,
To joys that fail not, joys that cannot die ;
Speak of blest scenes where we may meet again,
Where beauty, love, and truth, eternal reign !

ROBERT ROSCOE.

A SONNET.

To his Mother.

O blessed be the tear that sadly rolled
For me, my Mother ! down thy sacred cheek :
That with a silent fervour did bespeak
A fonder tale than language ever told,
And poured such balm upon my spirit, weak
And wounded, in a world so harsh and cold,
As that wherewith an angel would uphold
Those that astray Heaven's holy guidance seek.
And, though it passed away, and, soon as shed,
Seemed ever lost to vanish from thine eye,
Yet only to the dearest store it fled
Of my remembrance, where it now doth lie,
Like a thrice precious relic of the dead,
The chiefest jewel of its treasury.

THE VOYAGER OF LIFE.

Still on the billowy waste of years
Driven o'er time's stormy tides,
By varying gales of hopes and fears,
The fragile vessel rides ;
Bright, but mysterious, skies above,
Dark, unsearched gulfs below,
The sunlit realms of joy and love,
The depths of death and woe.

And Thou (where all is frail and brief)
Than all more brief and frail,
Expert to steer, and row and reef,
And trim thy little sail ;
Still standest thou mid winds that roar,
And waves that overwhelm,
With eye that seeks in vain a shore
And hand upon the helm ?

Still standest thou, intent to shun
Th' impending tempest's shock ?
Still heedful, lest thy keel should run
On sunken reef or rock ?
To water, air, and fire, a mark,
What power thy vessel saves ?
Thus swept along, a tiny ark
Upon a world of waves ?

When He who first with venturous prow
Explored the unknown sea,
Turned to the West his hardy brow,
He urged his course like Thee,
Still onward till he furled his sail
On coasts unseen before ;
But *he* returned—to tell *thy* tale,
Thou shalt return no more.

Yet brace thy bosom to the strife,
With patience man thy soul :
Crowd every sail—the breath of life
Shall waft thee to thy goal.
Bend steady to thine oar, and cheer
Thy heart with sacred song :
Yon pole-star shows thee where to steer,
And will not guide thee wrong.

But, now, away ! The time, the tide,
The breeze, brook no delay :
Th' impetuous billows lash thy side—
Frail, short-lived bark, away !
I see thee skirt, a lessening speck,
The far horizon's verge :
I gaze again, and sigh—thy deck
Is melted in the surge.

MARY ANNE ROSCOE.

*(Mrs. Thos. Jevons.)**A NIGHT THOUGHT.*

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds
That mortal hath not known.
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale ;
But He whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way,
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and glorious ray ;
And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amidst the gloom,
And scatter, from thy trembling gaze,
The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above ;
But shrink not—He has said, my soul,
He is a God of Love.
His rod and staff shall comfort thee,
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

THE HOME OF YOUTH.

Home of my youth ! when the soft light is breaking
O'er vale and o'er mountain to welcome my waking,
I think of the sun that shines bright on thy morning,
Thy groves and thy valleys with beauty adorning.

I see the sweet flowers that around thee are growing,
The river so fair, through thy verdant meads flowing,
The green earth beneath, and the blue sky above thee.
Home of my youth, still fondly I love thee.

Home of my youth ! when the daylight is failing,
I see the light skiff o'er thy far waters sailing ;
The sun gently sinks in the ocean to rest,
And I watch his last beams as they fade in the west.

When the day is departed and darkness is o'er thee,
The dreams of the night in thy beauty restore thee ;
I wander once more through the groves and the bowers,
And taste of the sweetness that dwells in thy flowers.

Thoughts of my lost home ! oh, cling to me ever,
Nor days, months, or years thy dear memory can sever ;
Ne'er from my heart shall the cold world remove thee,
Home of my youth, still fondly I'll love thee !

LINES TO —.

For ever thine ! for ever thine ! in youth's unclouded hour,
With all of beauty I may boast, with all my earthly dower ;
With love as pure, as tried, as true, as ever maiden gave,
With love that will attend thee still, unfailing, to the grave.

For ever thine ! for ever thine ! a light I'll be to thee,
Shining within our peaceful home, whate'er our lot may be ;
And if our destined path should lie 'mid scenes of pomp
and pride,
My heart shall know no prouder boast than walking by thy
side.

And if the days of sorrow come to pale thy cheek with care,
I'll bend my knee in secrecy and raise for thee my prayer ;
And when the snows of age descend upon thy manly brow,
I'll gaze as fondly on thy face, as tenderly as now.

And when the parting hour arrives, I'll raise thy dying head,
And watch around thy suffering couch, with soft and noiseless
tread.

And if I leave thee lonely here, for blissful scenes of love,
For ever thine, for ever thine ! I'll wait for thee above !

HYMN.

When mortal joys take wing and flee,
I own Thy chastening rod,
My wandering heart returns to Thee,
My Father and my God !

I know Thou wilt not chide in vain,
But with a parent's love ;
The gracious Hand that gives me pain,
Will all my comfort prove.

Oh ! for an angel's tongue, to speak
The treasures of Thy grace,
Still open, when we haste to seek,
And bow before Thy face.

Then, in the gloomy night of grief,
I'll trust Thy guardian power,
Omnipotence can bring relief,
And cheer the darkest hour.

HENRY ROSCOE.

A VISION.

I fashioned in my soul a phantasy
Of most surpassing sweetness ; as my heart
In mem'ry turns to it, sigh follows sigh,
And my sad tear-drops in disquiet start.

I walked upon heaven's calm and azure shore,
And o'er my ear, like murmurings of the sea,
By distance softened, came the gathering roar
Of the far regions of mortality.

But I was not of them ; for God had banished
My mortal part, and made me pure and good ;
And each unholy hope and thought had vanished,
And I arrayed in the soul's beauty stood.

And thou wert with me there, thou best and bright one,
Whom upon earth I loved and lost ; and thou,
With that sweet voice that could so well delight one,
Wert softly breathing thy heart's tremulous vow.

And thou wert mine for ever—yes, for ever !
In thine unfading beauty's deathless bloom ;
There were no mortal hands our vows to sever,
There for our loves there yawned no mortal tomb.

And thou bent on me thine eyes' meek affection
With an unchanging gaze ; there was no fear,
No trouble in that sweet look, no dejection—
No earthly shade, save rapture's holy tear.

Then a bright angel, with a lovely voice,
Cried, ' This for all your mortal sufferings ;
This for your cross in patience borne—rejoice ! '—
The light air trembled to his passing wings.

And rapturous was our lot—undying youth,
Hearts purified by trial, fadeless love,
Rejoicing in the fulness of its truth,
All that on earth we vainly hoped to prove.

And yet, though angels now, we were meek-hearted.
The vision past ; in anguish I awoke,
Shed some sad tears o'er heavenly hopes departed,
Then patiently put on my mortal yoke.

LINES TO —.

When thou art in thy chamber, and thy knee
Is bowed in love to the Omnipotent,
And when thy soul before His throne is bent,
Ask not for prosperous things, but pray that He
Will purify thee with the chastisement
Of earthly woe and trouble, which are sent
To fit the high soul for eternity.

It is not in the summer-tide of life
That the heart hoards its treasures ; it is when
The storm is loud, and the rude hurricane
Of sorrow is abroad—when solemn strife,
Such as may move the souls of constant men,
Is struggling in our bosoms ; it is then
The heart collects her stores with wisdom rife.

For sadness teaches us the truth of things,
Which had been hid beneath the crown of flowers
Which gladness wears ; and the few silent hours
Of quiet heavenward thought which sorrow brings,
Are better than a life in Pleasure's bowers,
Drinking the poisonous chalice which she pours
To quench our heavenlier spirit's murmurings.

Seek thou the storms of life, fly not the trial
That binds the conqueror's wreath upon thy brow,
And faint not, though the tears of anguish flow,
And though upon thy head the angry vial
Of wrath be poured, but with the conscious glow
Of honourable thought and deed below,
Look to that Power who watched thy self-denial.

JANE E. ROSCOE.

(*Mrs. Hornblower.*)

CHARITY.

O ! who shall say he knows the folds
That veil another's inmost heart—
The hopes, thoughts, wishes which it holds,
In which he never bore a part—
That hidden world eye cannot see,
O ! who shall pierce its mystery ?

Presumptuous aim ! that shrouded soul,
Unmarked by every human gaze,
Is open but to His control
Who traces every secret maze ;
It is not thine to bound its faith,
Or say what feelings swell beneath.

There may be hope, as pure, as bright,
As ever sought eternity ;
There may be light, clear heavenly light,
Where all seems cold and dark to thee ;
And where thy vision mourns the dust,
There may be trust, delightful trust.

The lingering beam of twilight dies,
And canst thou whisper where 'tis fled ?
There was a glow in summer skies,
Where was that rosy lustre shed ?
The sweetness of the evening dews,
Their fragrance how do they diffuse ?

And tell me, spring's first tender flower,
How does it burst its icy sheath ?
The zephyrs on their wingèd hour,
What spirit bids them freshly breathe ?
If nature's secrets be not thine,
How then the human soul divine ?

Go ! bend to God ! and leave to Him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part ;
He too is mortal, and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.

And if, in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like thee, he meekly, humbly bends,
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations he contends,
O ! leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast.

And if his thoughts and hopes should err,
Still view him with a gentle eye ;
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear
Are woven in man's destiny ;
And when these clouds are passed away,
The truth shall dawn like opening day !

GOOD MORN.

Good morn, good morn ! see the sweet light breaking
O'er hill and dale, to greet thy waking ;
The dark grey clouds are flitting away,
And the young sun sheds forth a brightening ray,
And a halo of bloom is in the skies,
Yet the night of slumber is on thine eyes ;
The opening dew lies fresh on the flower,
And sweetly cool is the opening hour,
And the birds are twittering their tender song,
The bright and weeping boughs among ;
And all seems fresh and with rapture rife
While wakening into conscious life.
O rouse thee ! rouse thee ! the precious time
Is fleeting fast, and merrily chime
The morning bells ; and the beautiful view
Thy touch would arrest, is fading too ;
The glow of the cloud is darkening fast,
And the sunny mist is almost past :

And thy lyre is lying all unstrung,
And thy matin hymn is still unsung ;
And thy lip is mute, and thy knee unbending,
And where is the prayer to Heaven ascending ?

What ! slumbering still ? Arise, arise !
For thy lovely dreams are phantasies,
And mock thy waking ; but come with me,
And listen to life's reality.
O come ! and muse on that deeper sleep
O'er which Hope will her silent vigils keep,
And soothe and shield, with her guardian wing,
The spirit's secret fluttering,
And lead it on to that brighter day
Which knows no evening, and no decay.

SI DESERIS PEREO.

He seemed to love her ; and her youthful cheek
Wore for awhile the transient bloom of joy ;
And her heart throbbed with hopes she could not speak,
New to delight and mute in ecstasy :
He won that heart in its simplicity,
All undisguised in its young tenderness :
And smiling saw that he, and only he,
Had power at once to wound it and to bless.

She gave to him her innocent affection,
And the warm feelings of her guileless breast ;
And from the storms of life she sought protection
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest :
In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,
And joyously she hailed her coming years ;
For well she knew that, even if distress,
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

He left her ; and in trouble she awoke
From her young dream of bliss ; but murmured not
Over her secret sufferings, nor spoke
To anyone upon her cruel lot :
You would have deemed that he had been forgot,
Or that her heart was callous to the stroke ;
But on her cheek there was one hectic spot,
'Twas little, but it told her heart was broke.

And deeper and more deep the painful flush
Daily became :—yet all distress seemed o'er,
Save when the life-blood gave a sudden rush,
Then faded into paleness as before.
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,
She bowed her head in quietness ; she knew
Her faded prospects could revive no more,
Yet she was calm, for she had heaven in view.

She loved and she forgave him ; and in dying
She asked a blessing on his future years ;
And so she went to sleep, meekly relying
Upon that Power which shall efface all tears.
Her simple turf the young spring violet bears,
And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb ;
And when the storm its little blossom tears,
It bows its head—an emblem of her doom.

MISS CATHERINE MARIA
FANSHAWE.

BORN JULY 1765 : DIED APRIL 1834.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Epistle to Earl Harcourt	75
A Riddle	82
Charades	83

MISS CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

WE have no actual memoir of this very remarkable woman—remarkable in several quite distinct ways. Her attached friend, the Rev. W. Harness, has printed (not published) “Memorials of C. M. Fanshawe,” which, in the compass of a thin quarto volume, excite both admiration and curiosity. Her etchings and poems display very considerable talent ; and while it must ever be true of private gentlewomen, who have been the delight of a highly cultivated social circle, that the grace and power of their living spirits cannot be reanimated by books or representations of their peculiar gifts, it is quite possible, by such means, to give a partial idea of what they were.

This Mr. Harness has in some measure done by the publication of some photographs from Miss Fanshawe's sketches. The groups of children, especially, are capital. In editing the poems, also, he has performed an office for which he deserves our thanks. Some of them (alas ! the whole are but few) had already found their way to the press, some being given by Miss Fanshawe to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, for the volume published for a charitable purpose—to which we have already adverted in preceding notices. Mr. Harness speaks of the writer as ‘one who, in her varied accomplishments, her acute perception of the beautiful, her playful fancy, her charming conversation, her gentle and retiring manners, her lively sympathy with the sorrows and joys of others, and above all her simple piety, was a cherished member of a society not very extended, but intimately united by a common love of literature, and art, and science, which existed in London at the close of the last and the

opening of the present century, and which perhaps, "taken for all in all," has never been surpassed.' *

In Miss Berry's *Life*, and in Mary Russell Mitford's '*Literary Recollections*,' notices of Miss Fanshawe will also be found.

Her cleverest poem stands first in this collection. It is very difficult to abridge it without injury, and I have only ventured on omitting a few lines on two occasions.

The first of the riddles given here was long erroneously imputed to Lord Byron.

* Introduction to the *Memorials of Miss C. M. Fanshawe*.

EPISTLE TO EARL HARCOURT.

On his wishing her to spell her name of Catherine with a K.

And can his antiquarian eyes
My Anglo-Saxon *C* despise?
And does Lord Harcourt, day by day,
Regret the extinct initial, *K*?
And still, with labour unabated,
Labour to get it reinstated?
I know, my Lord, your generous passion
For every long exploded fashion,
And own the Katherine you delight in
Looks irresistibly inviting,
Appears to bear the stamp and mark
Of English used in Noah's Ark;
But 'all that glitters is not gold,'
Nor all things obsolete are old.
Would you but take the pains to look
In Dr. Johnson's quarto book
(As I did, wishing much to see
The aforesaid letter's pedigree),
Believe me, 'twould a tale unfold
Would make your Norman blood run cold.
My Lord, you'll find the *K*'s no better
Than an interpolated letter,
A wandering Greek, a franchised alien,
Derived from Cadmus or Deucalion,
And why or wherefore none can tell
Inserted twixt the J and L.
The learned say, our English tongue
On Gothic beams is built and hung;
Then why the solid fabric piece
With motley ornaments from Greece?

Her learned despots had no bowels
 For northern consonants and vowels;
 The Roman and the Greek grammarian
 Deemed us and all our words barbarian;
 Till those hard words and harder blows
 Had silenced all our haughty foes;
 And proud they were to kiss the sandals
 (Shoes we had none) of Goths and Vandals.

* * * * *

But, since our Saxon line we trace
 Up to this all-subduing race,
 Since flows their blood in British veins,
 Who led the universe in chains,
 And from their 'sole dominion' hurled
 The giants of the ancient world,
 Their boasted languages confounding,
 And with such mortal gutturals wounding
 That Greek and Latin fell or fled,
 And soon were numbered with the dead,
 Befits it us, so much their betters,
 To spell our names with conquered letters?
 And shall they rise and prate again,
 Like Falstaff, from among the slain?
 A license, quite of modern date,
 Which no long customs consecrate
 For since this *K*, of hateful sound,
 First set his foot on British ground,
 'Tis not, as antiquarians know,
 A dozen centuries ago.

That darling theme of English story,
 For learning famed and martial glory,
 Alfred, who quelled the usurping Dane,
 And burst indignant from his chain,
 Who slaves redeemed to reign o'er men,
 Changing the falchion for the pen,

And outlined with a master's hand
 The immortal charter of our land,
 ALFRED, whom yet these realms obey,
 In all his kingdoms owned no *K*,
 From foreign arms and letters free }
 Preserved his Cyn³ly dignity, }
 And wrote it with a Saxon *C*. }
 This case in point from Alfred's laws
 Establishes my client's cause,
 Secures a verdict for defendant—
K pays the costs, and there's an end on't.
 The suit had lingered long, I grant, if
 Counsel had first been heard for plaintiff,
 Who might, to use a new expression,
 Have urged the plea of *dis*-possession,
 And put our better claims to flight,
 By *pre*, I mean *pro*scriptive right,
 Since that which modern times explode
 The world will deem the prior mode.
 But grant this specious plea prevailing,
 And all my legal learning failing,
 There yet remains so black a charge
 Not only 'gainst the *K*'s at large,
 But th' individual *K* in question,
 You'd tremble at the bare suggestion,
 Nor ever more a wish reveal
 So adverse to the public weal.

Dear, gentle Earl ! you little know
 That wish might work a world of woe.
 The ears that are unborn would rise
 In judgment 'gainst your lordship's eyes,
 The ears that are unborn would rue }
 Your letter patent to renew }
 The dormant dignity of SHREW.

The K, restored, takes off th' attainder,
And grants the title, with remainder
In perpetuity, devised
To Katherines lawfully baptised.
What has not Shakspeare said and sung
Of our pre-eminence of tongue?
His glowing pen has writ the name
In characters of fire and flame;
Not flames that mingle as they rise
Innocuous, with their kindred skies:
Some chemic, lady-like solution,
Shown at the Royal Institution;
But such as still, with ceaseless clamour,
Dance round the anvil and the hammer.
See him the comic muse invoking
(The merry nymph with laughter choking),
While he exhibits at her shrine
The unhallowed form of Katherine;
And there the Gorgon image plants,
Palladium of the termagants.
He formed it of the rudest ore
That lay in his exhaustless store,
Nor from the crackling furnace drew,
Which still the breath of genius blew,
Till (to preserve the bright allusion)
The mass was in a state of fusion,
Then cast it from a Grecian mould
Once modelled from a living scold;
When from her shelly prison burst
That finished vixen, Kate the curst!

If practice e'er with precept tallies,
Could Shakspeare 'set down ought in malice?'
From Nature all his forms he drew,
And held the mirror to her view;

And if an ugly wart arose,
Or freckle upon Nature's nose,
He flattered not th' unsightly flaw,
But marked and copied what he saw :
Strictly fulfilling all his duties,
Alike to blemishes and beauties ;
So that, in Shakspeare's time, 'tis plain
The Katherines were scolds in grain :
No females louder, fiercer, worse.
Now contemplate the bright reverse,
And say amid the countless names
Borne by contemporary dames,
Exotics, fetched from distant nations,
Or good old English appellations ;
Names hunted out from ancient books,
Or formed on dairy-maids or cooks ;
Genteel, familiar, or pedantic,
Grecian or Roman or romantic,
Christian, Infidel, or Jew,
Heroines, fabulous or true,
Ruths, Rebeccas, Rachels, Sarahs,
Charlottes, Harriets, Emmas, Claras,
Auroras, Helens, Daphnes, Delias,
Martias, Portias and Cordelias,
Minnies, Fannies, Jennies, Hetties,
Dollies, Mollies, Biddies, Betties,
Sacharissas, Melesinas,
Dolabellas, Celestinas,—
Say, is there ONE more free from blame,
One revelling in a fairer fame,
One more endowed with Christian graces
(Though I say it to our faces,
And flattery we don't delight in),
Than CATHERINE, at this present writing ?
Where then can all the difference be ?
Where, but between the *K* and *C*,

Between the graceful curving line
 We now prefix to *atherine*,
 Which seems to keep, with mild police,
 Those rebel syllables in peace,
 Describing, in the line of duty,
 Both physical and moral beauty,
 And that impracticable *K*,
 Who led them all so much astray—
 Was never seen, in black and white,
 A character more full of spite !
 That stubborn back, to bend unskilful,
 So perpendicularly wilful !

With angles, hideous to behold,
 Like the sharp elbows of a scold,
 In attitude, when words shall fail,
 To fight their battles 'tooth and nail.'

In page the first, you're sagely told,
 That 'all which glitters is not gold.'
 Fain would I quote one proverb more,
 'N'éveillez pas le chat qui dort.'
 Here some will smile, as if suspicious
 That simile was injudicious,
 Because in C A T they trace
 Alliance with the feline race ;
 But we the name alone inherit,
 C has the letter, *K* the spirit ;
 And woe betide the man who tries
 Whether or no the spirit dies !
 Though dormant long, it yet survives,
 With its full complement of lives.
 The nature of the beast is still
 To scratch and claw, if not to kill ;
 For royal cats, to low-born wrangling,
 Will superadd the gift of strangling.
 Witness, in modern times, the fate
 Of that unhappy potentate,

Who, from his palace near the pole,
Where the chill waves of Neva roll,
Was snatched, while yet alive and merry,
And sent on board old Charon's ferry ;
The Styx he traversed, execrating
A Katherine of his own creating—
Peter the Third—illustrious peer,
Great autocrat of half the sphere
(At least of all the Russias—he
Was Emperor, Czar of Muscovy).
In evil hour, this simple Czar,
Impelled by some malignant star,
Bestowed upon his new Czarina
The fatal name of Katarina,
And, as Monseigneur l'Archevêque
Chose to baptise her à la Grecque,
'Twas Katarina with a *K* ;
He rued it to his dying day :
Nay died, as I observed before,
The sooner on that very score.
The princess quickly learnt her cue,
Improved upon the part of shrew ;
And as the plot began to thicken,
She wrung his head off like a chicken :
In short, this despot of a wife
Robbed the poor man of crown and life ;
And robbing Peter, paid not Paul,
But cleared the stage of great and small,
No corner of her throne could spare
To gratify her son and heir,
But lived till threescore years and ten,
Still trampling on the rights of men.
Thy brief existence, hapless Peter !
Had doubtless longer been, and sweeter,
But that thou wilfully disturb'dst
That harmless name she brought from Zerbst ;

Nor was it even then too late,
 When crowned and registered a Kate—
 When all had trembling heard and seen
 The shriller voice and fiercer mien—
 Hadst thou even then, without the measure
 That Russian boors adopt at pleasure,
 Or publishing a tedious ukase
 To blab to all the world the true case,
 By virtue of the imperial knout,
 But whipt th' offending letter out,
 She in the fairest page of fame
 Might then have writ her faultless name,
 And thou retained thy life and crown,
 Till time itself had mowed them down.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Harcourt's dread Earl, attest my vow—
 If e'er, an alien born and bred,
 The *K* dare rear its mushroom head—
 Proved as it is, beyond dispute,
 A consonant of ill repute—
 Within the precincts of my name,
 And I admit the unlawful claim ;
 May never syllable of mine
 Reach the full length of Catherine !
 Deprived of their baptismal right,
 May they—uncouth to sound and sight—
 Of self-disgrace an hideous pattern,
 By my own hand be written—KATTERN !

A RIDDLE.

'Twas in Heaven pronounced, 'twas muttered in Hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.

'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, be heard in the thunder.
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death ;
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir ;
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned ;
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drowned.
 'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower ;
 Ah ! breathe on it softly ! It dies in an hour.

CHARADES.

I

Higgledy piggledy, here we lie,
 Pulled and picked, and put in a pie ;
 Divide us in half, and I'm sure you'll wonder
 To see what a figure we make when asunder.
 My *first* is snappish, and snarling, and howling ;
 My *second* is busy, active, and prowling ;
 But higgledy, piggledy, here we lie,
 Pulled and picked, and put in a pie.

Currants. Cur—ants.

II

‘Come, take your chair
And set it there,
Farther from the door :
Pray, pray,
Don’t say nay,
Eat a little more.’

My *first* is said :
My *second* is red :
My whole I am sure you know :
’Tis cousin Pat,
And brother Mat,
My aunt and uncle Joe.

Kind—red. Kindred.

MRS. OPIE.

BORN 1769 : DIED 1853.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Songs	89
Prayer for the Wanderers	90
The Parents' Chant of Thanksgiving	91

MRS. OPIE.

I HAVE limited myself, unwillingly, to a very small selection from the poems of Amelia Opie. In no case perhaps have I felt so strongly that the writings of a deceased friend convey no adequate impression of her mind. Mrs. Opie was a woman whom everybody loved and most admired. She had stores of pleasant information, which she retailed with wit and good sense ;—her graver converse, as she advanced in life, is remembered with reverence by those who were admitted to her intimacy. It is recorded of Mrs. Inchbald, that on making Mrs. Opie's acquaintance, she (Mrs. Inchbald) exclaimed after a short conversation, 'You're cleverer than your books!' It was most true. Mrs. Opie was rapid, careless, often superficial; and, if we were to judge her by her novels and tales, we might say that any present reading of them would leave a poor impression of their author's power. Yet she sometimes constructed and developed a plot extremely well; and there were some social points upon which she was really STRONG. She was a good observer; and her remarks on matters of conduct and principle were sometimes delivered with wisdom and even with weight.

She possessed the blessing of a remarkably fine temper herself; and having been brought into contact with many persons who marred their own and others' happiness by the indulgence of caprice, she spoke on this subject with real force, as anyone who has read her 'Odd-tempered Man' will allow.

Her POEMS are, however, here the subject with which I am principally concerned. But I am sorry to say, I believe

many of her best lyrics never saw, and probably never will see, the light. Those to whom some years before her decease she exhibited specimens from her portfolio have said that her MS. songs far surpassed any she had published ; but when once she had decided that such a line of publication was inconsistent with her religious profession and garb, she renounced it, together with the exercise of her vocal powers. Her speaking voice was most musical, and I remember few things with greater delight than her tête-à-tête repetitions of beautiful poetry. Mrs. Opie died, honoured, beloved, and regretted, at Norwich, in 1853.

The first specimen given here is a song which the Rev. Sydney Smith selected with warm encomium as an illustration of one of his lectures at the Royal Institution. The second is my own favourite. The third presents her before us in her later and more serious vein. Last of all, is a piece taken from the author's latest volume, published in 1834, the 'Lays of the Dead ;' it commemorates the death of one out of two beloved surviving children of a valued friend.

SONGS.

I

Go, youth beloved ! in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find ;
Yet sometimes deign, mid fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth ! to share,
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not ! forget me not !

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me.
But oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not !

II

The soft beams of summer are fair to the eye,
When brightly the sweet silver Medway glides by :
And rich are the colours which autumn adorn,
Its gold chequered leaves and its billows of corn.

But dearer to me is the pale lonely rose
Whose blossoms in winter's dark season uncloze :
Which smiles in the rigour of winter's stern blast,
And smoothes the rough present by signs of the past.

And thus, when around us affliction's dark power
Eclipses the sunshine of life's glowing hour,
When drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,
Oh ! sweet is the presence of one faithful friend.

The crowds whom we smiled on when gladness was ours,
Are summer's bright blossoms and autumn's gay stores ;
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,
Oh ! that friend is the winter's lone, beautiful rose.

PRAYER FOR THE WANDERERS.

Watch not o'er these alone, O Lord !
Whom Thou hast sent to teach Thy will,
And with Thine everlasting word,
The hungry, conscious sinner fill.

Not only wanderers from our fold,
On Christian mission kindly sent,
With love's protecting eye behold,
And guard the spirit Thou hast lent ;

To other wanderers, far less blessed,
Thy watchful care, Thy love display,
To wanderers from the path of rest,
To wanderers from Thy holy way.

Such wanderers, Lord, from things impure
Let thine awakening Spirit call ;
By hope of smiling mercy lure,
By fear of frowning wrath appal.

For, though the missioned wanderer go
O'er desert wilds and trackless tides,
To regions of eternal snow,
Or wheresoever man abides,

More dangerous, wretched, rugged, wild,
The best, the brightest path must be,
Of him, allured from virtue's side,
Who wanders, gracious God ! from THEE.

THE PARENTS' CHANT OF THANKSGIVING.

Not in our home of the rocky vale,
Where the mountain mists glide chill and pale,
And the once glad roof seems dark and lone,
Since it tells, alas ! of a loved one gone :
Not there was sent our darling's doom,
Already it wears enough of gloom.

We thank Thee, and bless,
In our deep distress,
That it came, not there, not there.

Nor on the hearth of a stranger's home,
Did the sudden, awful mandate come :
Nor yet where a brother's feeling heart
Would vainly have mourned a sister's smart,
Nor yet where tenderest friends in vain
Had longed to share or soothe our pain.

We thank Thee, and bless,
In our deep distress,
That it came, not there, not there.

But it came when, returned to her native vale,
She breathed the charm of its genial gale,
And bounded again on her nursery floor,
With the sports and toys she loved before ;
And culled the flowers that decked her way
(Herself as fresh and as frail as they).

 We thank Thee, and bless,
 In our deep distress,
That *there* it came, yes, there !

Nor does she sleep in an unknown grave,
To our own last home our child we gave ;
We laid her down by honoured earth
Of her whose smile first hailed her birth :
Whose heart, though richly filled before,
Found a deeper place for one treasure more ;

 And we thank Thee, and bless,
 In our deep distress,
That we laid her there, yes, there.

And as we stood by the precious clay,
So soon to mingle in earth's decay,
And thought of their souls on a heavenly shore,
Already rejoined, to part no more,
Although we sighed over vanished days,
Our secret hearts were clothed with praise ;

 And we thank Thee, and bless,
 In our deep distress,
That Thou, rock of our refuge, wert there.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

BORN 1754 : DIED 1832.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Hope and Memory	96
Return to an Old Mansion	102

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

I THOUGHT it well worth while to copy and preserve the following poem, by a man of sense as well as genius, unequal in his compositions, sometimes very strong, his images most striking and impressive, at others sinking into rather bald colloquial language. The end of the following poem is not worthy, I think, of the beginning and middle part. The picture of the old paralytic could have been written by no one perhaps but Crabbe. I have taken it from the volume already referred to, edited by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, in 1823. I have also added another of Crabbe's poems, 'The Ancient Mansion,' unlike in style to most of his pieces, and to my own mind very original and feeling. It provokes a comparison with Miss Blamire's 'Nabob's Return,' different as is the rank of the returning wanderers. There seems to be an error in the first stanza, as if a line had dropped out ; but we must leave it as it is.

*HOPE AND MEMORY: A DIALOGUE.**Hope.*

Nay, sister, what hast thou to boast
Of joy? a poor reciter thou,
Whose happiest thought is but the ghost
Of some past pleasure vanished now.
When better things may not be found
By sad, reflecting, weary men,
They on thy records look around,
Their only friend, and only then.

Then on delight for ever fled
They cast a melancholy view,
Where, as on pictures of the dead,
The likeness makes the sorrow true.
But couldst thou from thy page efface
What brings regret, remorse, or shame,
Nor all our wandering steps retrace,
Then mortals might endure thy name.

Memory.

And what art thou, vain Hope? a cheat!
For didst thou ever promise make
That either time did not defeat,
Or some intruding evil break?
Or say that chance has proved thee true,
The expected joy shall be thy own;
No sooner comes the good in view,
But Hope herself is lost and gone.

Soon as the hoped-for thing appears,
That was with such delight pursued,
Another aspect then it wears,
And is no more the fancied good.
So 'tis in dreams : men keenly chase
A something loved, desired, caressed—
They overtake, and then embrace
That which they loathe, despise, detest.

True, sister, true, in every age
Will men in thy delusions share ;
And thou a lasting war wilt wage
With Wisdom's joy and Reason's care.
Who come to thee ? the rash, the bold,
The dreaming bard, the sighing youth—
For what ? for fame, for love, for gold ;
And they receive thy tales for truth.

Emmas and Lauras at thy shrine
Attend, and deem thy answers true ;
And, calling Hope a power divine,
Their Corydons and Damons view.
And girls at school, and boys at taw,
Seduced by thy delusive skill,
Think life is love, and love is law,
And they may choose just whom they will.

Hope.

Say, is not mine the early hold
On man ? whose heart I make my own ;
And, long ere thy dull tale be told,
I bear him forth to worlds unknown.
Before the mind can trust to thee,
And slowly gain thy heavy store,
It travels far and wide with me,
My worlds and wonders to explore.

Thou lend'st him help to read, to spell,
 His progress slow, his efforts mean ;
 I take him in my realms to dwell,
 To win a throne, to wed a queen.
 How could he bear the pedant's frown
 That frights the sad, bewildered boy,
 Or hear such words as verb and noun,
 But for my tales of love and joy ?

Memory.

True, to thy fairy world he goes,
 And there his terms he idly keeps,
 Till Truth breaks in on his repose,
 And then for past neglect he weeps.
 What if we grant the heart is thine
 Of rash and unreflecting youth ?
 How is it, in his life's decline,
 When truth is heard and only truth ?

On me the quiet few rely,
 For Memory's store is certain gain ;
 For aid to thee the wretched fly,
 The poor resource of grief and pain.
 My friends, like lawful traders, deal
 With just accounts, with real views ;
 But thine as losing gamesters feel,
 Who stake the more the more they lose.

Hope.

And they are right, for, thus employed,
 They fall not to disease a prey ;
 Thus every moment is enjoyed,
 And 'tis a cheerful game they play.

And tell me not they lose at last ;
Such loss is light, such care is vain,
For if they hope till life be past,
What hours for grief or care remain ?

You say the rash, the young, the bold,
Are mine—and mine they are, 'tis true ;
But, sister, art thou sure the old
And grave are not my subjects too ?

Struck by the palsy's powerful blow,
By the hired hands of servants led ;
Cold, tottering, impotent and slow,
Borne to the board and to the bed ;
Hear how the ancient trembler prays,
Smit with the love of lingering here,
' Hold yet my thread, flow on my days,
Nor let the last sad morn appear.'

The sage physician feels my aid
Most when he knows not what to do ;
I whisper then, ' Be not afraid,
For I inspire thy patient too.'

Memory.

Vain of thy victories, thus misled,
Thy power I own ; alas ! I fear,
It is this syren song I dread,
Which wretches long and die to hear.
No ears are stopped, no limbs are bound,
Impatient to thy coast they fly ;
And soon as heard thy witching sound,
They rest, they sleep, they dream, they die.

A poet once—the tribe are thine,
 But yet I would my counsel give—
 Has said, 'Tis naught ! the work decline,
 Thou once hast failed—this will not live.'
 Deeply he sighed, and thou wert by,
 To fan the half-extinguished fire ;
 'Try once again,' thou saidst, 'oh, try !
 For now shall all the world admire.'

Hope.

And how, I pray, can this be wrong ?
 The man has clear and certain gain ;
 For, when the world condemns his song,
 He can condemn the world again.
 Inspired by me, in strains sublime
 Shall many a gifted genius write,
 For mine is that bewitching rhyme
 That shall the wondering world delight.

Memory.

Yet thou hast numbers light and vain,
 And mayst, I grant, a poet boast ;
 I cannot show so large a train,
 But I have one, and he a host.

Hope.

Still I'm the nurse of young desire,
 The fairy promiser of bliss ;
 I am the good that all require
 In passing through a world like this.

Memory.

Say, rather, thou'rt the glowworm light,
That mocks us with a faint display
Of idle beams, that please the sight,
But never serve to show the way.

Hope.

Alas ! but this will never end ;
'Tis like a grave old aunt's relation.
I would that Reason might attend,
And terminate our disputation.

Reason.

Obedient to your wish am I,
And thus my sentiments disclose :
Together you must live and die,
Together must be friends or foes.

For what is Hope, if Memory gives
No aid, nor points her course aright ?
She then a useless trifier lives,
And spends her strength in idle fight.

And what from Memory's stores can rise
That will for care and study pay ?
Unless upon that store relies
The Hope that heavenward wings her way ?

Be friends, and both to Man be true ;
O'er all his better views preside,
For Memory greatest good will do
As Hope's director, strength, and guide.

So shall ye both to mortals bring
An equal good in Reason's scale,
And Hope her sweetest song shall sing
When Memory tells her noblest tale.

RETURN TO AN OLD MANSION.

'Come, lead me, lassie, to the shade
Where willows grow beside the brook ;
For well I know the sound it made
When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmured to St. Osyth's Mill.'

The lass replied : ' The trees are fled ;
They've cut the brook a straighter bed ;
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now ;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake.'

'Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring ;
A cup is fastened to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes.'

'The holy spring is turned aside,
The arch is gone, the stream is dead ;
The plough has levelled all around,
And here is now no holy ground.'

‘ Then, lass, thy grandsire’s footsteps guide
 To Bulmer’s Tree, the giant oak,
Whose boughs the keeper’s cottage hide,
 And part the church-way lane o’erlook.
A boy, I climbed the topmost bough,
And I would feel its shadows now.

‘ Or lead me, lassie, to the west,
 Where grow the elm-trees, thick and tall ;
Where rooks unnumbered build their nest,
 Deliberate birds and prudent all ;
Their notes indeed are harsh and rude,
But they’re a social multitude.’

‘ The rooks are shot, the trees are felled,
And nest and nursery all expelled ;
With better fate, the giant tree,
Old Bulmer’s Oak, is gone to sea.
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore,
Though *this*, indeed, promotion gains,
For this the park’s new wall contains ;
And here I fear we shall not meet
A shade, although perchance a seat.’

‘ O then, my lassie, lead the way
 To comfort’s home, the ancient inn ;
That something holds, if we can pay,
 Old David is our living kin ;
A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves.’

‘ Alas ! that mine should be the fate
Old David’s sorrows to relate ;

But they were brief : not long before
He died, his office was no more ;
The kennel stands upon the ground
With something of the former sound.'

'O, then,' the grieving man replied,
 'No further, lassie, let me stray ;
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
 Of what was grand and what was gay.
But all is lost, is changed, is sold,
And all that's left is chilling cold ;
I seek for comfort here in vain,
Then lead me to my cot again.'

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1785 : DIED 1844.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Lines on the Death of Elizabeth Smith	107
Moonlight Voyage and the Shipwreck	107

*LINES ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH
SMITH.*

Short here thy date—for souls of holiest birth
Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth,
To this dim world by God's indulgence given ;
Their friends are angels, and their home is heaven.
The fairest rose in shortest time decays,
The sun when brightest soon withdraws his rays,
Too soon a rolling shade of darkness shrouds
The star that shines amid the evening clouds,
And sounds that come so sweet upon the ear
That the soul wishes every sense could hear,
Are as the light's unwearied pinions fleet,
As scarce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.

*MOONLIGHT VOYAGE AND THE SHIP-
WRECK.*

And lo ! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing,
A broad-winged vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering !
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind :
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind,

Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on,
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon ;
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
To cheer the gliding vision sings.
Oh ! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity ;
A world of waters ! the steadfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like thee !

Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moonlight
At the dreaming soul's command ?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigged with gossamery sails,
And bound for fairy land ?
Ah no ! an earthly freight she bears,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlit sea,
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company
In sleep, or waking revelry,
Five hundred human souls !
Since first she sailed from fair England,
Three moons her path have cheered ;
And another lights her, lovelier lamp,
Since the Cape hath disappeared.

For an Indian isle she shapes her way,
 With constant mind both night and day ;
 She seems to hold her home in view,
 And sails as if the path she knew,
 So calm and stately is her motion,
 Across th' unfathomed, trackless ocean.

* * * * *

But list ! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song ;
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk, and a clouded grey
 Declares that her course is run,
 And like a god, who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun ;
 Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze,
 And that is the spirit whose well-known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
 No fears hath she—her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm would go,
 'Mid the deep darkness white as snow.
 But gently now the calm waves glide,
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side,
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye,
 Many ports will rejoice at the gleam of her mast—
 Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! *this* hour is her last !
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck,
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck !
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 And her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.

Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death !
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming bee,
Alive through all its leaves ;
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed ;
And his wife !—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she gazed on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last ;
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BORN 1797 : DIED 1849.

CONTENTS.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

	PAGE
On a Butterfly	115
Sonnet : To Shakspeare	116
Sonnet	117
The Soul	117
Sonnet : Prayer	118
Privileges	118

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Sonnet : Clouds	119
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HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PECULIAR difficulties attend any examination of the poetry of Hartley Coleridge. His sonnets are surely among the most perfect in construction and expression of any our language possesses. They are not perhaps superior to those of Charles Johnston, but they are fully equal in harmony ; and they take a wider range, being the productions of a much longer life. Yet some of the best of them are most painfully laden with the sad tale of their author's infirmities ; while others cheer us by the conviction they bring, that he not only knew the source whence comfort and strength could be obtained, but that knowledge passed into practice. He knew himself, deeply, thoroughly : and he spared himself not at all ; witness the sad conclusion of one of the most powerful of his sonnets (xix. vol. ii. p. 21).

— the river that rebelled
 Becomes a marsh, prolific of ill weeds :
 Such is the life of him who streams along
 A lazy course, unweeting of his deeds ;
 Till duty, hope, love, custom, prayers and creeds
 Crumble away, and yield to helpless wrong
 That from the mere disuse of right proceeds.'

From this melancholy picture, it is thankful work to turn to such a sonnet as that on Prayer.

' Pray, if thou canst, with hope—but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay.'

One cannot wander through such mazes of changeful feeling, knowing that the poor victim was no deep offender after

all, but simply weak, and unaided by the blessed forces of domestic ties (for him so peculiarly needful), and not turn in hope to the cheering words, 'In My Father's house are many mansions.'

I have ventured to place a favourite sonnet, by the father of Hartley Coleridge, after his own.

ON A BUTTERFLY.

Seen near the summit of Mont Blanc, in 1827.

Who would have thought, on this icy cliff,
Where never ibex bounded,
Nor foot of chamois sounded,
Where scarce the soaring hippogriff
Would venture, unless truly
To this exalted Thule
He carried the thought of a metaphysician
Or theory of an electrician,—
Who would have dreamed of seeing thee,
Softest of summer's progeny ?
What art thou seeking ? what hast thou lost ?
That before the throne of eternal frost
Thou comest to spread the crimson wing,
Thou pretty fluttering thing ?
Art thou too fine for the world below ?
Or hast thou lived out thy joy and thy spring ?
And hast thou sworn, to live forlorn,
An anchorite in a cave of snow,
Or palmer, lonely wandering ?
Or dost thou fancy, as many have done,
That because the hill-top is nearest the sun,
The sun loves better the unthawed ice,
That does nothing but say that he is bright,
And dissect, like a prism, his braided light,
Than the gardens of bloom and the fields of spice ?
Didst thou think that the bright orb his mystery shrouds
In a comfortless mantle of sleet-driving clouds ?

Alas ! he never has loved this place,
It bears no token of his grace :
But many a mark of the tempest's lash,
And many a brand of the sulphurous flash.
'Tis better to dwell among cornfields and flowers,
Or even the weeds of this world of ours,
Than to leave the green vale and the sunny slope,
To seek the cold cliff with a desperate hope.
Flutter he, flutter he, high as he will,
A butterfly is but a butterfly still ;
And 'tis better for us to remain where we are,
In the lowly valley of duty and care,
Than lonely to stray to the heights above,
Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love.

SONNET: TO SHAKSPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind ;
So, in the compass of a single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thine art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thine own flame.

SONNET.

Let me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which fate, in working its sublime intent,
Nor wished to be—to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade :
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living light, be made in vain ?

THE SOUL.

Is not the body more than meat ? The soul
Is something greater than the food it needs :
Prayers, sacraments, and charitable deeds,
They realise the hours that onward roll
Their endless way, 'to kindle or control.'
Our acts and words are but the pregnant seeds
Of future being, when the flowers and weeds,
Local and temporal, in the vast whole
Shall live eternal—nothing ever dies !
The shortest smile that flits across a face,
Which lonely grief hath made her dwelling-place,
Lasts longer than the earth or visible skies !
It is an act of God, whose acts are truth,
And vernal still in everlasting youth.

SONNET: PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope—but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;
 Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,
 When war and discord on the earth may cease ;
 Yet every prayer for universal peace
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.
 Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see ;
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be :
 But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

PRIVILEGES.

Good is it to be born in Christian land,
 Within the hearing of sweet Sabbath bells,
 To con our letters in the Book that tells
 How God vouchsafed His creatures to command,
 How once He led His chosen by the hand,
 Presenting to their young and opening sense
 Such pictures of His dread Omnipotence
 We all could see, though none could understand.
 Oh ! good it is to dwell with Christian folk
 Where even the blind may see, the deaf may hear
 The words that Paul hath wrote, that Jesus spoke,
 By book or preacher, shown to eye or ear,
 Where Gospel truth is rife as song of birds,
 'Familiar in our ears as household words.'

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SONNET: CLOUDS.

Oh ! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy ; or with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow with gold
'Twixt crimson banks, and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land,
Or listening to the tide, with closèd sight,
Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed, with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

BORN (AT HARLOW, ESSEX) 1805 : DIED 1849.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
January Song	125
March Song	126
July Song	127
November Song	127
Ruth	128
The Rainbow	129
The dead Grasshopper	130
Hymn I: Nearer, my God, to Thee	132
,, II: The Resurrection	133
,, III: He sendeth Sun	134
Vivia Perpetua's Address to Jove at his Altar	135
Saturus (Christian) and Vivia Perpetua	136

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

FEW hymns in our language have excited more sympathy, or been transferred to so many different collections, as that which claims as its author Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 'Nearer to Thee.' (*See Sir R. Palmer's 'Book of Praise,' No. 437, and note.*)

I am happy to be enabled to give some specimens of Mrs. Adams' shorter poems, both secular and devotional.

Of the author I can only say briefly that she was one of two daughters of Mr. Benjamin Flower, a man of considerable mark in his day; a courageous, rash, but undoubtedly a very sincere, conscientious man, who deemed it his duty, as editor of a provincial paper, in troubled times, to devote his energies to the cause of religious liberty, and in so doing to be somewhat unsparing in his attacks on aristocratical principles, and those who held them. Having given personal offence, he was imprisoned by order of the House of Lords in 1799, but was ere long released. Soon afterwards he married, and the birth of his daughters was quickly followed by the death of their mother, a woman of whom all who knew her speak with respect and affection.

The daughters soon displayed considerable genius; and it is to the younger of them that we owe the poems here given, and probably several others to which no name was affixed in her lifetime. She also wrote a dramatic poem, in five acts, on the Martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua. It was published separately by Mr. Charles Fox, 65, Paternoster Row; and though not so powerful in proportion as some of her shorter pieces, it is well written, and contains some passages of considerable beauty. But hers was peculiarly

a lyrical talent. She wrote songs, which her sister set to music, and she sang herself, in her days of health, with great expression and almost dramatic power. All she wrote displays a very feeling heart, some overstrained enthusiasm, and a taste which would have been much improved by a more extended degree of cultivation; but she was too much surrounded by members of a school which, while it fairly brought out the mental power of all who belonged to it, required, it may be said, great native force of character to prevent its on the whole exerting a narrowing influence, moral and mental, over those who belonged to it. To some degree, it *enchained* those whom it had before set free. Whether Mrs. Adams would have asserted a higher power than any displayed during her lifetime had that life been spared, we do not KNOW; but there was so much of pure and beautiful feeling whenever she escaped from mannerism, that we are permitted to BELIEVE it most firmly.

*JANUARY SONG.**

He looks but coldly on us now,
Yet he is kind :
He has blessings beneath his cloak of snow,
As we shall find.
The tiny spears, that yet have power
To guard the glowing crocus flower,
And the snowdrop fair—
(That living pearl in its mount of green,
The spring's own delicate virgin queen)
Are treasured there.
Hither, hither, come all, and bring
To the year's first-born a welcoming.

He smiles—though faintly the sunshine gleam,
'Tis sunshine still :
Though no more in liquid music stream
The gurgling rill,
There's a hurried gush that is borne along
From the robin's throat, sweet fount of song,
So fresh, so clear !
O light and music, we well can bear
The falling snow and the chilly air
If you are here.
Hither, hither, come all, and bring
To the year's first-born a welcoming.

* This and the following songs are taken from 'Songs of the Months,' published by Novello.

MARCH SONG.

Winds and Clouds.

A wizard is he !
Do you see, d'ye see ?
Temples arise in the upper air :
Now they are gone,
And a troop comes on
Of plumed knights and ladies fair ;
They pass—and a host of spirits grey,
Are floating onward—away ! away !

His sunbeams are lightening,
The black clouds brightening—
Grand is the world in the heavens to see !
His winds are as thunder,
Scattering asunder
The world he has made—but what cares he ?
In a chariot of storm he rolls along,
While the whirlwinds shout a triumphal song.

Blow, March, blow !
Your time is now :
Soon you must hush your noisy breath,
Soon we shall listen,
While raindrops glisten,
To the airs that murmur of spring's bright wreath.
Harm not the buds that dare to peep,
Lest April away her sweet life weep.

JULY SONG.

The Wanderer's lullaby—a cradle hanging on a bough.

Sleep, my child, and take thy rest ;
Sleep, as on thy mother's breast ;
Sleep, my bird, within thy nest,
Nor restless move.

God will guard thee with His care,
All things good and all things fair
Guard thee in thy leafy lair
With looks of love.

Things that fly on gauzy wing,
Lulling thee, forget their sting ;
Airs come sweetly whispering,
And cool the grove ;
Though the sun with scorching heat
Try to pierce thy green retreat,
Like soft wings the branches meet
To shade my love.

NOVEMBER SONG.

Come to thy home, beloved !
Thy time for toil is ending :
I've made thee a rest, come see,
Where our last sweet flowers are bending
Their sweet farewell to thee !
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
The mists are thick, remember !
We've no autumn's mellow sun,
It is dull and drear November,
And thy way a weary one :
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
There's an eye that longs to meet thee,
And the fire is blazing clear,
And oh ! such a heart to greet thee !
Will that not tempt thee here ?
Come to thy home, beloved !

Come to thy home, beloved !
Come—how the vapour thickens !
Will this watching ever be past ?
There's a footstep—hark ! it quickens :
Ah ! thou art here at last ;
Here, at thy home, beloved !

RUTH.

Not to the fool, or one who looks
On women but as gaudy books,
Where gilding takes the place of reason,
Or fashion makes their life—a *season* ;
Not to the worshipper of rules
Made by the world to govern fools,
Or him who makes himself a minion
Beneath that despot's sway, Opinion ;
But unto all who worship Truth,
I do commend thee, artless Ruth !

Thy lips are sweet : shall I tell why ?
Those lips ne'er opened to a lie :
And round them dwells that simple grace,
The charm that consecrates thy face.
Thy mild yet fearless eye would brook
On Danger's hideous self to look ;
And though the serpent tongue might lurk
With double venom for its work,
Thou hast one friend to guard thee—Truth ;
She maketh thee strong-hearted, Ruth !

And where thou lovest, thou dost love
With firmness nought on earth can move ;
Like unto her whose name thou bearest,
Alike their joy or grief thou sharest ;
Though poverty might cloud their day,
Though wanderers through a thorny way,
Their eyes thy light, their heart thy clime,
All evils thou wouldst dare, and time
Would find thee, in thy warm heart's truth,
(Like her) their own devoted Ruth.

THE RAINBOW.

Beautiful herald of the early world
What time the ark on Ararat did rest,
 When, the hushed waters curled
With gentle airs, the tired dove sought the nest,
And the whole world forgot its mighty fear,—
 Appear ! appear !

Thou art a universal hope in heaven !
Thou art the light from out the darkness born,
 The fate to mortals given.
The human heart, with deepest anguish torn,
Looks upon thee, and wins from out its sorrow
 A happier morrow.

The gentle child gazes at thee, and deems
Thou art the path to that far fairy land
 Which it doth see in dreams,
And shades its deep blue eyes with tiny hand,
To watch for the gay creatures who do glide
 Adown thy side !

And when the spring time brings the gentle rain,
The husbandman over the fragrant earth
 Scatters the plenteous grain.
He thinks upon the promise at thy birth,
And, blessing thee, works on till evening pale—
 His harvest ' shall not fail.'

Come to us, lovely one ! We look for thee
As looketh for the morning ray the flower.
 Thou comest not for me !
I do invoke thee by a mightier power—
Child of the sun ! thy parent bids thee here—
 Appear ! appear !

THE DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

How beautiful and rife
Are the deep lessons that doth Nature give
 In death, e'en as in life !
Come thou, and be my teacher,
Thou mute yet eloquent preacher,
Of the true life that in dead things doth live.

Bird of the meadow grass !
Although thy chirruping for aye is stilled,
Say what thy sweet life was ;
What strength of joy showed in thy wingèd leaping,
And when amongst the mosses gently creeping,
What peace and love thy little being filled !

Or, as the sun went down,
And the moist dew upon the fragrant clover
Was freshly strewn,
Poised on a bluebell, in the light breeze swinging,
Out of thy happy heart a love-lay singing,
A world of sweets around, and heaven all over !

How couldst thou leave it all,
Into the busy haunts of men to come
In draperied thrall ?
I lured thee not from out thy furrowed passes,
Nor wronged thy sleep amongst the verdant grasses,
To bid thee die, far from thy pleasant home.

Poor fool ! yet with thy fate
Doth wisdom inly dwell, to warn the free,
Ere yet too late.
Like to the breathing sweet from out dead roses,
Thy death to all a living truth discloses ;
Would they might heed its silent ministry !

Like thee, they quit the fields
Of their most sunny freedom, by whose power
Each joy its double yields ;
The world a subtle web around them weaving,
The pleasant garden of their hearts now leaving,
To seek a life unknown—say, what its dower ?

A prison dark, where, pent,
The elastic soul essays its strength, to be
In its own element.
In vain ! and apathy comes o'er it, stealing
The light that shows the darkness, but revealing
A withered, soulless, lifeless thing, like thee !

HYMN I

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God ! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly :
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

HYMN II

THE RESURRECTION.

The mourners came at break of day
 Unto the garden sepulchre,
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray
 For Him, the loved One, buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
 All sepulchred beneath the snow,
 When wintry winds and chilling frost
 Have laid her summer glories low ;
 The spring returns, the flowrets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
 E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
 The happy spirit far hath fled
 To brighter realms of endless day.
 Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

HYMN III

HE SENDETH SUN.

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;
 Alike are needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
 Creator ! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to Thee ;
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done.

O ! ne'er would I at life repine—
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father ! Thy will, not mine, be done !

*VIVIA PERPETUA'S ADDRESS TO JOVE AT
HIS ALTAR.**

God of stone,
For the last time, farewell ! and farewell too
The altar where my childhood's wreath was flung,
Frail as the faith that claimed its dedication.

* * * * *

Unconscious treasury of tears, that oft
Fell, like fast rain, upon those senseless stones,
That like yon image, then my deity,
Sent no returning pity :—Jove ! give back,
Give back, those tears were shed in vain to thee :
Give back those trembling vows were made to thee,
Give back the sacrifice was paid to thee,
That I may render all to that dear God
Hath freed me from these agonies of fear
Thou reckonest for worship. Oh ! to Him
Vows upward rise like springing flowers, from whose
Sweet mercy first hath dropped the precious seed ;
And sacrifice, that ceaseth while it maketh,
So much of love doth mingle with the deed ;
And blessed prayer, that wings the trusting soul
At once into the heaven where He dwells ;
And while we hallow His Almighty name,
Doth teach us say, ' Our Father.' Hear me now,
Hear, Thou great God of Love : hear, blessed Christ !
Ye, dwelling not in temples made with hands,
Up in the eternal greatness of the heavens,—
Bear witness, all ye myriads of angels,
That, like to radiant stars, cluster in heaven ;
Thus, on my knees, thus—thus before the Lord,

* From 'Vivia Perpetua,' a dramatic poem.

I solemn vow—record it, all ye hosts—
 Never again to come into this temple;
 Whate'er the penalty, or death to me,
 Or agony—worse death—to those I love,
 Upon my head so let it come, O God!

*SATURUS (CHRISTIAN) AND VIVIA
 PERPETUA.*

Vivia. Thou wert not Christian born?

Saturus. The dawn doth come
 Before the sun ariseth to the sight.
 Man's soul hath many chords, like yonder lyre,
 Which, separately struck, yield out a tone
 That is not music, but the help to it;
 Or with more aptness to my thought say this—
 The natural wind, passing across the strings,
 Whispers of what the master's hand alone
 Can render into fullest harmony.
 So seemeth me a voice hath breathed in man
 Oracular since first he was created:
 This bade the rude barbarian of the forest
 To lift up longing eyes unto the sky
 (The speckled intervals between the leaves),
 To read the hope of better life and land.
 This swelled the burden of old prophecy—
 Taught calm Philosophy to stretch beyond
 Her measured track to reach the prophet's strain.
 The poet heard it, and did wing his way,
 The more divine his song, the nearer heaven;
 And in our own old faith it hath enfolded
 Some types of the 'to come' which now thou hast.

* * * * *

* * * Yet where and whom to seek
The soul asks more than fable for its worship.
To the realities of earth I turned—
Of earth indeed !
Then rose the gloom of doubt ; for when I saw
Oppression crush down men with iron foot,
And tyranny make strong iniquity,
And no redeemer for man's misery,
Save in one poet's solitary fable,
Sad eyes, despairing of a deity,
Turned vaguely upwards to the azure heaven,
As empty of all governance for man.

Vivia. There is a thought—say, would it be a sin
To track a mystery ?

Saturus. Woe for the truth
Had every mystery remained untracked.

Vivia. There are some mysteries, I scarce begin
To thread them, but from out them springs up love,
Flies through them like a bird along a grove,
And sings them to forgetfulness, in joy.
But one even now doth come to hold her mute :
Oppression yet doth crush with iron foot,
And tyranny makes strong iniquity,
Though a Redeemer hath appeared for man,
Who bade us look to heaven for a God
Who made us, loves us, bids us love each other.
Our will is happiness for those we love,—
Yet power in us is weaker than our will ;
But Love omnipotent— ?

Saturus. I do believe,
Were love omnipotent within ourselves,
Woe were extinct. I cannot answer thee ;
I am but man, while He is God o'er all,
Yet as a man show manliness in this,
That I will trust the Power hath given me all,
Nor meanly scant my thankfulness with doubt.

The mystery sleeps, while Faith, with arms afold
Over a trusting heart, sits smiling by ;
It sleeps, o'ercanopied by starry heavens
And cradled in earth's beauty ; let it rest,
While sunshine comes to herald in the day ;
While flowers and breezes intermingle sweets ;
While birds still warble gladness out, like light
Athwart the azure heavens ; while mountains stand,
Those silent, shadowy chroniclers of time,
To wake within our eyes and hearts a worship.

* * * * *

While for each sorrow, high and strong soe'er,
There lives a stronger good may ride the wave,
Singing the while its triumph to the skies—
Oh ! can we stay to question Pain—why art thou ?
Nor take at once the way she points to joy ?
Beware of doubt, that gloomiest, coldest cloud,
A shroud of death in life for human hearts.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

BORN 1782 : DIED 1849.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Lines : A New Year	143
A Poet's Epitaph	143
Transplanted Flowers	144
To the Bramble Flower	145
Spring	146
Funeral Hymn	147
Thomas	148

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE quantity of Elliott's poetry which can be given, apart from that which is mixed up with his strong political views, is small; but this is singularly precious and worthy of preservation. Anything more gentle, more femininely sweet, than his occasional poetical effusions, I really do not know. One is conscious of having met with a soul capable of the profoundest tenderness; and the loving, heart-stirring tones, are quite irresistible. Excessive, no doubt, he is everywhere; and we become the more convinced of the sincerity and naturalness of his political writings, when we see his habit of investing every character he has to do with, with his own passionate affections. Thus, in the touching poem on his son Thomas' death, you find him boldly picturing his beloved child as standing at the footstool of grace, and still inconsolable, even in heaven itself, for the absence of the dear ones left behind.

'They come not yet: unti they come,
Heaven is no heaven, my Father

The few specimens I have given are surely very beautiful. His delight in nature, his accurate eye, his clear, bold language, so terse and expressive, arrest all our attention. I wish I were certain that the copy of the poet's epitaph which I found in Miss Martin's charming volume, 'Spring-time with the Poets,' is one of those, a little altered by Elliott himself, as is not improbable, in one of his latest editions. It is radically improved by one or two small changes, at all

events ; and I trust he had taste enough to make them. I have not hesitated in taking it as it stands in Miss Martin's book.

Elliott wrote several poems of considerable length, as 'The Village Patriarch,' 'Love,' &c.; but with these I have not meddled. 'The Wonders of the Lane' is a beautiful descriptive piece.

LINES: A NEW YEAR.

Another year is swallowed by the sea
Of sunless waves !

Another year, thou past eternity !
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet, to bid the living weep
Where tears are vain ;
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep,
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

Why are we spared ? Surely to wear away
By useful deeds
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not,
Thoughts whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforget,
And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day ?
Deeds which are harvest for eternity,
Ye cannot pass away !

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, mortal ! here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor ;
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor.

His teachers were their own hearts' wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace and the grave !

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He feared to scorn or hate,
 And honoured in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great.

But if he loved the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take
 From plundered labour's store.

A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare,
 Tell man's worst foes, Here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Ye living gems of cold and fragrant fire !
 Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers ?
 Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,
 An everlasting farewell of your bowers ?
 No more to listen for the wooing air,
 And song-brought morn, the cloud-tinged woodlands o'er !
 No more to June's soft lip your breasts to bare,
 And drink fond evening's dewy breath no more ?
 Soon fades the sweetest, first the fairest dies,
 For Frail and Fair are sisters ; but the heart
 Filled with deep love, death's power to kill denies,
 And sobs e'en o'er the dead, ' We cannot part ! '

Have I not seen thee, wild rose ! in my dreams ?

Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies

When the clear blue is brightest, and the streams

Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes

Of morning clouds and cistus woodbine twined ?

Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death ?

Yes ! and thy voice was sweeter than the wind

When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,

Bending it down with kisses, where the bee

Hums over golden gorse and sunny broom.

Soul of the rose ! what saidst thou then to me ?—

'We meet,' thou saidst, 'though severed by the tomb ;

Lo, brother, this is heaven, and thus the just shall bloom.'

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,

Wild bramble of the brake !

So put thou forth thy small white rose,

I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow

O'er all the fragrant bowers,

Thou need'st not be ashamed to show

Thy satin-threaded flowers :

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,

That cannot feel how fair,

Amid all beauty, beautiful,

Thy tender blossoms are !

How delicate thy gauzy frill !

How rich thy branchy stem !

How soft thy voice when woods are still,

And thou sing'st hymns to them !

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush.
The primrose to the grave is gone,
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake, once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To rove with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

SPRING.

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze ;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple ! thou art bursting into bloom ;
Thy leaves are coming, snowy blossomed thorn !
Wake, buried lily ! spirit, quit thy tomb ;
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born.
Then haste, sweet rose ! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Father ! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home Thy weary son ;
No more he toils, no more he weeps,
And shall we mourn because he sleeps ?

He thanked Thee, God of earth and sky,
For all that creep and all that fly ;
For weeds, that silent anthems raise ;
And thoughts, that make their silence praise.

* * * * *

For soul to feel and sight to see,
In all Thy works, but types of Thee ;
For all Thy works, and for Thy Word,
In life and death he thanked Thee, Lord.

He thanked Thee, too, for struggles long,
For storms that make the feeble strong,
For every pang Thy goodness gave,
For hope deferred, and for the grave !

Oh ! welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode ;
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too.

Thou say'st to man, ' Arise ! and run
Thy glorious race with yonder sun !
But, when Thy children need repose,
Their Father's hands the curtains close.

What though, with eyes that yet can weep,
 The sinner trembles into sleep !
 Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
 To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.

The fearful child, though still caressed,
 Will tremble on his mother's breast ;
 But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
 Though, watched by love, he tremble still.

Lord ! when our brother wakes, may they
 Who watch beneath Thy footstool say,
 ' Another wanderer is forgiven ! '
 Another child is born in heaven.

THOMAS.

Thou art not dead, my son, my son !
 But God hath hence removed thee ;
 Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
 While lives the sire who loved thee.

* * * *

Will grief forget thy willingness
 To run before thy duty ;
 The love of all the good and true
 That filled thine eyes with beauty ;
 Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
 When others had offended,
 That made thee look as angels look
 When great, good deeds are ended ;
 The strength with which thy soul sustained
 Thy woes, and daily wasting ;
 Thy prayer to stay with us, when sure
 That thou from us wast hasting ?

* * * *

Thou art not gone, thou couldst not go,
 My bud, my blasted blossom !
 The pale rose of thy faded face
 Still withers in my bosom.
 Oh, mystery of mysteries,
 That took my poor boy from me !
 What art thou, Death, all-dreaded Death,
 If weakness can o'ercome thee ?

* * * * *

There burns the throne of Him whose name
 The sunbeams here write faintly,
 And there my child a stranger stands,
 Amid the blest and saintly ;
 And sobs aloud, while in his eyes
 The tears o'erflowing gather :
 ' They come not yet : until they come,
 Heaven is no heaven, my Father !
 Why come they not ? why comes not she
 From whom Thy will removes me ?
 Oh ! does she love me—love me still ?—
 I know my mother loves me :
 Then send her soon, and with her send
 The brethren of my bosom :
 My sisters, too, Lord ! let them all
 Bloom round the parted blossom !
 The only pang I could not bear
 Was leaving them behind me ;
 And even now, yes, even in heaven,
 The tears of parting blind me ! '



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

BORN 1819 : DIED 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Song	155
Lines on Approaching Spring	155
Qua cursum Ventus	156
Lines: Some Future Day	157
Fragments: The Two Musics	158
Across the Waters	159

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

IT is true, as the writer of the memoir prefixed to Arthur Clough's poems has said, that he 'rather lived than wrote his poem.' The life was, alas! not long enough for either its own satisfactory development, or for the completion of the poem.

The general tone of the shorter pieces in the volume is very unlike most of those of which specimens have here been given. It is not too much to say, that, so far as they go, it is deeper than almost any. It is a very inward tone—very much, though not exclusively, a mode of *hinting* some personal thought which had impressed itself strongly on the author's mind, and which opens a world of suggestion to the minds of others. The earnestness, the evident desire to be true, carries us beyond the occasional roughness of the language. In some pieces, indeed, no words that we can conceive of can be better chosen, more emphatic, or more musical. Nothing, for instance, except perhaps some of our oldest English songs, can surpass in simple beauty two which I have given here, particularly that beginning, 'My wind is turned to bitter north' (set to music by Mr. Hullah).

Even to those who knew Mr. Clough most imperfectly, there remains the impression of thorough conscientiousness, of a generous and noble candour to others, of a tenderness and kindness almost feminine, mixed with a manly courage in the avowal of his thought.

How far it has been right to throw unfinished thoughts and hints of such a mind in the way of the world, which can now

no more have the means of judging of the end of such thoughts, is another matter. But whatever view we may take of it, we can easily conceive how precious every relic, every suggestion of a thought, that hardly *was* a thought, but only a movement towards one, must be to the friends who devotedly loved such a man. To recur to his words seems like a simple response to a spirit which was ever striving for true harmony with the best of its fellow mortals, feeling about for points of sympathy, yet too earnest and fair-dealing to sit down satisfied with imperfect sympathies.

SONG.

My wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before ;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er ;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour ;
One frosty night befell, and lo !
I find my summer days are o'er :
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to memory now
Returns no more—no more.

LINES ON APPROACHING SPRING.

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone ;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on :
Earth, air, and sun, and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair ;
But thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
Had not the less their certain date ;
And thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal ?
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered :—
Ah ! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! in light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides,—
To *that*, and your own selves, be true.

But, O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare ;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last unite them there !

LINES: SOME FUTURE DAY.

Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Hence made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters, say—
Meet yet again, upon some future day ?

FRAGMENTS: THE TWO MUSICS.

I

Are there not, then, two musics unto men ?
 One loud and bold and coarse,
 And overpowering still, perforce,
 All tone and tune beside ;
 Yet in despite its pride
 Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
 And sounding solely in the sounding head :
 The other, soft and low,
 Stealing whence we do not know,
 Painfully heard and easily forgot,
 With pauses oft and many a silence strange
 (And silence oft it seems, when silence it is not),
 Revivals too of unexpected change ;
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
 Or has come, been, and passed away ;
 Yet turn to other none :
 Turn not, oh, turn not thou,
 But listen, listen, if haply be heard it may—
 Listen, listen, listen—is it not sounding now ?

II

Yes ; and as thoughts of some departed friend,
 By death or distance parted, will descend,
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As'by a magic screen, the seer from the sight,
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene
 The eye and central sense between,)
 So may the ear,
 Hearing not, hear,

Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring :
So the bare conscience of the better thing,
Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
May fix the entranced soul, mid multitudes alone.

ACROSS THE WATERS.

The mighty ocean rolls and raves,
To part us with its angry waves ;
But arch on arch, from shore to shore,
In a vast fabric arching o'er,

With careful labours daily wrought,
By steady hope and tender thought,
The wide and weltering waste above—
Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly
To rear the growing structure high ;
Dear memories upon either side,
Combine to make it large and wide.

There, happy fancies, day by day,
New courses sedulously lay ;
There, soft solicitude, sweet fears,
And doubts accumulate, and tears ;

While the pure purpose of the soul,
To form of many parts a whole,
To make them strong and hold them true,
From end to end, is carried through.

Then, when the waters war between
Upon the memory, unseen,
Secure and swift, from shore to shore,
With silent footfall travelling o'er,

Our sundered spirits come and go
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Pass and repass, now linger near,
Now part, anew to reappear.

With notions of a glad surprise
We meet each other's wondering eyes,
At work, at play, when people talk,
And when we sleep and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see,
You come, methinks, across to me ;
And I, at every hour anew,
Could dream I travelled o'er to you.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

BORN 1825 : DIED 1864.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Knight Errant	165
Thankfulness	167
Now	168
My Will	169
Ministering Angels	171
Per Pacem ad Lucem	172

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THERE is something so inexpressibly touching in many of Miss Procter's poems, that I feel I should be untrue to my own sense of their beauty and value, if I did not give place to a small selection from them. The habit of her mind was so truly, so radically religious, that of course the pieces I select must have a deeper meaning than those I take from some other authors. The beauty of these poems is a very peculiar one : it is not that they are so very original in thought ; it is that they are indeed the utterances ' of a believing heart,' pouring out of its fulness. I cannot forbear saying that I do not think we owe much of the merit of these pieces to Miss Procter's Romanism. Wherever she treats distinctly of peculiar Catholic doctrines, as in 'The Chaplet,' she is inferior to herself ; but she has a heart and mind for broad and deep Christianity, and the two poems from 'The Chaplet' which are nearly free from a narrower aim are really perfect, as much so as Dr. Newman's exquisite lines, 'Lead, kindly Light.' The pieces to which I refer are given here ; they are, 'Ministering Angels' and 'Per Pacem ad Lucem.'

Miss Procter's life was, alas ! a short one. She began writing when young ; and Mr. Dickens has told us how she first sent poems to 'Household Words,' which perplexed him greatly. They came as from a Miss Berwick, whom he believed to be a governess, till she turned out to be the daughter of his old friend Barry Cornwall.

At the age of four-and-twenty, she became a Catholic ; and that the definiteness of the objects to which, from this time,

she devoted herself, added to her inward peace and satisfaction, cannot be doubted. She found she could use her powers in a way to bless others and comfort herself. She was persevering in her new walk, and was prepared for the breaking up of the life which she now relished perhaps more than ever. The anticipated enemy, consumption, began its more serious attacks in November 1862, and for fifteen long months she had to keep her bed, wasting gradually away, says the friend who has written of her in 'The Month,' 'yet not only was she patient and thoroughly resigned, but to the last her bright cheerfulness never deserted her.'

The summons came on the night of February 2, 1864. 'It has come at last,' she said, and thus she passed away, the voice of prayer being the latest sound her dying ear caught.

But surely she has left behind her a precious legacy. Her poems seem likely to remain, as they have been and are, an exceeding great blessing to many. Turn over the pages where we may, there are still thoughts brought out with a grace and beauty that makes the old theme ever fresh and new. Many of them—some may think too many—have a large infusion of her own personality; but then there are the 'Legends,' from which I have made no selections. Miss Procter's poems deserve to be in every library; and I believe they are fitted to be the solace of many hearts.

A KNIGHT ERRANT.

Though he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress—Truth ;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering
Marred the promise of his youth.

So he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim,
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might ;
Hard the blows and long the battle,
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black, sulphurous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
Custom, the old giant, rose ;
Yet he, too, at last was conquered
By the good knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And, though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing,
Came the shouting round her throne ;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
Slowly ebb'd his life away :
And the crowd that flocked to greet her,
Trampled on him, where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned and reigning in her pride,
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round ;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more*, that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall in brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things,

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest.
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

NOW.

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone ;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise ! from your dreams of the Future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield ;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may) ;
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret ;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing ;—
The sound that you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle ;—
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past.

MY WILL.

Since I have no lands or houses,
And no hoarded golden store,
What can I leave to those who love me,
When they see my face no more ?
Do not smile—I am not jesting,
Though my words sound gay and light ;
Listen to me, dearest Alice—
I will make my Will to-night.

First for Mabel, who will never
Let the dust of future years
Dim the thought of me, but keep it
Brighter still ; perhaps with tears

In whose eyes, whate'er I glance at,
Touch, or praise, will always shine,
Through a strange and sacred radiance,
By love's charter, wholly mine :
She will never lend to others
Slenderest link of thought I claim ;
I will, therefore, to her keeping,
Leave my memory and my name.

Bertha will do truer service
To her kind than I have done ;
So I leave to her young spirit
The long work I have begun.
Well ! the threads are tangled, broken,
And the colours do not blend ;
She will bend her earnest striving
Both to finish and amend ;
And, when it is all completed,
Strong with care and rich with skill,
Just because my hands begun it,
She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest token ;
The one link I dread to break,
The one duty that I live for,
She, when I am gone, will take.
Sacred is the trust I leave her,
Needing patience, prayer, and tears :
I have striven to fulfil it,
As she knows, for many years,
Sometimes hopeless, faint and weary ;
Yet a blessing shall remain
With the task, and Ruth shall prize it
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave *you*, my Alice?
Nothing, love, to do or bear,
Nothing that can dim your blue eyes
With the slightest cloud of care.
I will leave my heart to love you,
With the tender faith of old,
Still to comfort, warm, and light you,
Should your life grow dark or cold.
No one else, my child, can claim it ;
Though you find old scars of pain,
They were only wounds, my darling ;
There is not, I trust, one stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless,
Now the slender sum is told ?
Well, I know not—years may bless them
With a nobler price than gold.
Am I poor ? Ah, no ! most wealthy ;
Not in these poor gifts you take,
But in the true hearts that tell me
You will keep them for my sake.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

Angels of light ! spread your bright wings, and keep
Near me at morn ;
Nor in the starry eve nor midnight deep,
Leave me forlorn.
From all dark spirits of unholy power,
Guard my weak heart ;
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous fears,
Keep me secure ;
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears
Still to endure.
If lonely in the road so fair and wide,
My feet should stray,
Then through a rougher, safer pathway, guide
Me, day by day.
Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,
Oh, still be near ;
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life
With holy fear.
Then leave me not alone in this bleak world
Where'er I roam ;
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
Oh, take me home.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should
bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.



ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cowper's Grave	178
Loved Once	181
Wisdom Unapplied	183

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IT cannot for a moment be supposed that these three pieces are considered *adequate* specimens of a writer like Mrs. Browning. I had, in fact, given up the idea of attempting to select from her works ; but the deep admiration I have always felt for the first of these gems especially, compels me to add them to my collection.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
decaying,—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their
praying :

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish !
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her
anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless
singing !

O Christians ! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was
clinging !

O men ! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye
were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears
his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted ;

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration ;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath
taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose heaven
hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud, to His own love to
blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could
find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic
senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences !
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-
caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses :
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways
removing,
Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the
guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created !

Like a sick child, that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses ;

That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother! where’s
my mother?’—

As if such tender words and looks could come from any
other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o’er
him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she
bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life’s long fever gave
him,

Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to
save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him
breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,

But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew ‘*My Saviour! not
deserted!*’

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness
rested,

Upon the Victim’s hidden face no love was manifested?

What frantic hands outstretched have e’er the atoning drops
averted?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should
be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,
And Adam’s sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and
Father;

Yea, once, Immanuel’s orphaned cry His universe hath
shaken—

It went up single, echoless, ‘My God, I am forsaken!’

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation,
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not
 hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
 vision !

LOVED ONCE.

I classed, appraising once
Earth's lamentable sounds, the 'well-a-day,'
The jarring 'yea' and 'nay,'
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed 'farewell,' the 'welcome' mournfuller,
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair
 Than these words—'I loved once.'

And who saith, 'I loved once ?'
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love through eternity !
Who by to love, do apprehend to be.
Not God, called Love, His noble crown-name, casting
A light too broad for blasting !
The great God, changing not from everlasting,
 Saith never, 'I loved once.'

Oh ! never is 'loved once,'
Thy word, Thou Victim-Christ, misprized Friend !
Thy cross and curse may rend ;
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end !

It is man's saying—man's!—too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates th' eternal God-word, Love,
With his 'no more' and 'once.'

How say ye, 'We loved once,'
Blasphemers! Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, 'We loved them once'?

Could ye, 'We loved her once,'
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight—
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light;
And when, as flowers kept too long in shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me, decayed—
Such words, 'Ye loved me once'?

Could ye, 'We loved her once,'
Say cold of me, when farther put away
In earth's sepulchral clay—
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?
Not so: not then—least then—when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, 'We loved them once!'

Say never, ye loved once!
God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,

For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affections light of range ;
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once !

And yet that same word—‘ once ’—
Is humanly acceptive ! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,
‘ We ruled once ; ’—dotards, ‘ We once taught and led ; ’
Cripples ‘ once ’ danced i’ the vines ; and bards approved
Were once by scornings moved ;
But love strikes one hour—Love. Those never loved,
Who dream that they loved once.

WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

If I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wings to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,

I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou, for summer hath a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily,

I would not hive it at man’s door,
As thou, that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud,

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou, upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof, and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed,

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou, nor smoothe my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
With song at shut-up window heard,
Like Love's sweet 'Yes' too long deferred,

I would not overstay delight,
As thou, but take a swallow-flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade,
As thus, methought, an angel said :

'If I were *thou*, who sing'st this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong,

'I would not waste my cares, and choose,
As *thou*, to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

‘ I would not work where none can win,
As *thou*—half-way ’twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within. .

‘ I would not let my pulse beat high,
As *thou*—toward fame’s regality,
Nor yet in love’s great jeopardy.

‘ I would not champ the hard cold bit,
As *thou*—of what the world thinks fit—
But take God’s freedom, using it.

‘ I would not play earth’s winter out,
As *thou*, but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

‘ Then sing, O singer ! but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as thou ! ’



REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Sonnet : The Secret of Cheerfulness	189
„ II : Heed not a World.	189
„ III : The Good—they drop around us	190

SONNET I

THE SECRET OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cleanse Thou the fount whence our affections flow,
 That we may joy to speak of what is good,
 And to see good in all things ; in sad mood
 Or buoyant, that sweet secret still to know
 Of cheerfulness ; from sights of sin and woe
 To turn our chequered talk to healthier food.
 Yea, blest Self-discipline, though sternly wooed,
 Hath smiles, and gladsome is her pipe, though low,
 Her tuned pipe, sounding 'mid scenes forlorn ;
 For Discipline is Love, whose light hath made
 All like herself. With Love fresh hues are born,
 Which, wheresoe'er we stand, present a shade
 Still lovely, upon bough or twinkling blade—
 A thousand rainbows 'mid the tears of morn.

SONNET II

HEED NOT A WORLD.

Heed not a world that neither thee can keep,
 Nor vestige of thee, whatsoe'er thy lot—
 Of thee or thine, nor mark when thou art not.
 No more ! engulfed within the sounding deep,
 Faint and more faint the billowy circles sweep,
 And trembling own the shock : then 'tis forgot.
 The leaf's still image anchors on the spot ;
 The wave is in its noonday couch asleep.
 We marked the eddying whirlpools close around
 Where he had been : but who the path profound—

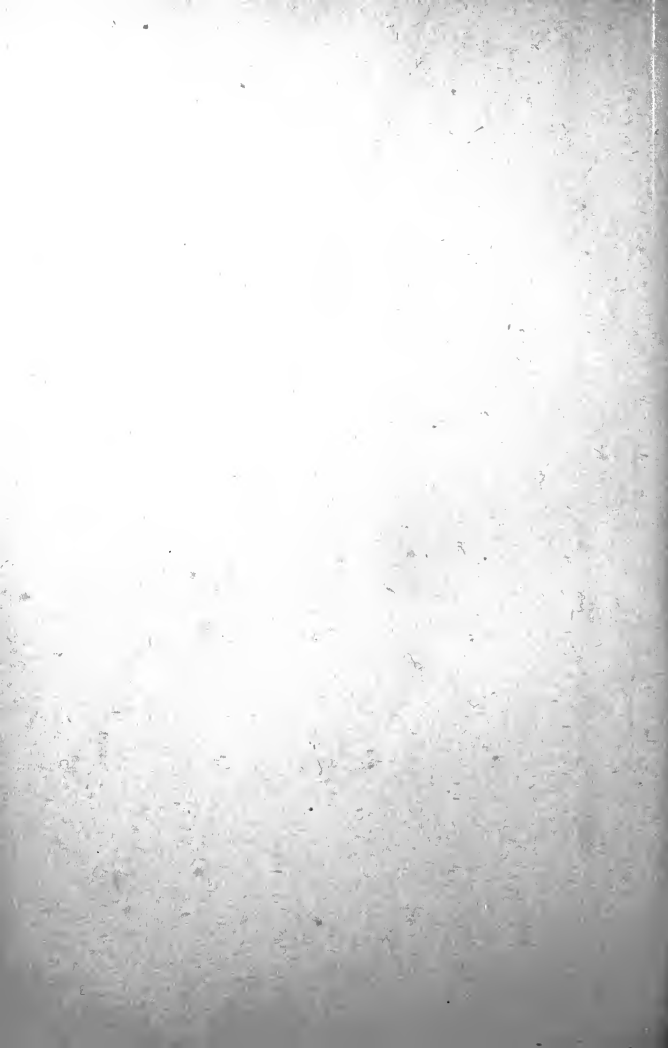
What thought can follow 'neath the watery floor,
'Mid sights of strangeness and untravelled caves,
Ocean's wild deeps of ever-moving waves,
A boundless, new horizon spreading round ?

SONNET III

THE GOOD—THEY DROP AROUND US

The good—they drop around us, one by one,
Like stars when morning breaks ; though lost to sight,
Around us they are still in Heaven's own light,
Building their mansions in the purer zone
Of the invisible :—when round are thrown
Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright
To faith they gleam : and blest be sorrow's night,
That brings th' o'erarching heavens in silence down,
A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair.
Alas ! to us they are not, though they dwell,
Divinely dwell in memory ; while life's sun
Declining, bids us for the night prepare,
That we, with urns of light, and our task done,
May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.



REV. JOHN KEBLE.

I N the Preface, I disclaimed the idea of selecting from the 'Christian Year' or Heber's Hymns ; but the following poem, being in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' is much less known ; and having long felt it to be one of the most impressive poems in our language, I cannot forbear hoping that it may be no profanation to place it here. Mr. Keble never, perhaps, wrote anything more beautiful. Its singular construction—the absence of rhyme, yet the exquisite measured harmony of every verse—the solemn movement and tender pathos of the whole, are most remarkable.

*BURIAL OF THE DEAD.**

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seemed
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar ;

Friend of this worthless heart ! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing, the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
While Memory, by thy grave
Lives o'er thy funeral day :

The deep knell dying down ; the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate ;
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustomed way,
The hallowed porch, and entering in beheld
The pageant of sad joy
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O ! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul ! thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' eternal Throne,
 Guiding through light and gloom
 Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
 Into a placid Faith,
 That e'en with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall :
So many relics of a frail love lost,
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream : th' Apostle's trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's : calmly now,
 Our hearts yet beating high
 To that victorious lay ;

Most like a warrior's, to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
 Our treasure for a while ;
 And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
 Touches the coffin lid ;
 If at our brother's name

Once and again the thought, 'For ever gone,'
Comes o'er us like a cloud ; yet, gentle spright,
 Thou turnest not away,
 Thou know'st us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep, and our long sleep be o'er :

O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

Thou, who canst change the heart and raise the dead !
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

SINGLE POEMS.

BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Squire's Pew	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 199
The Devonshire Lane	<i>Rev. J. Marriott</i> 201
The Cuckoo	<i>Logan</i> 203
The Beacon	<i>Unknown</i> 204
Sonnet : Night and Death	<i>Blanco White</i> 205
Sonnet : The Morning	<i>Anonymous</i> 205

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

By JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane :
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again ;
 The window's gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and passed away !
 How many a setting sun hath made
 That curious lattice-work of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door, I ween,
 Acorn and fleur-de-lis ;
 And now the worm hath done her part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call)
 When the First James was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall
 His train did hither bring,
 All seated round in order due,
 With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions decked with fringe,
All reverently they knelt ;
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone :
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight with all his train behold.

Outstretched together are exprest
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer :
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he—
With ruffled arm and bodice she.

Set forth in order as they died,
Their numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new
In regular descent from him
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vaults below.

And now the polished modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the Hall retire
A season every year,
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago ;

Perchance, all thoughtless, as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor,
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest :

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all their wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate,
Brought many a distant county through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads ;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall fill the squire's deserted pew.

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

By the REV. J. MARRIOTT.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds the linnet ;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride ;
And e'en then there's a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks ;
And strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight ;
And hence you'll allow 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent ;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose ;
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way,
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay,
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

THE CUCKOO

By LOGAN.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers;
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear !
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring.

THE BEACON.

Author unknown.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmurs rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim, distant sail, where the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joys of the sailor-boy's breast
Were heard in his wildly breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope
(All hushed was the billows' commotion),
And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as *hope*,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory often rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the bright beams of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

SONNET: NIGHT AND DEATH.

By BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo ! creation widened on man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
If LIGHT can thus deceive, wherefore not LIFE ?

SONNET: THE MORNING.

Anonymous.

'Tis not alone a bright and streaky sky,
Soul-cheering warmth, a spicy air serene,
Fair peeping flowers, nor dews that on them lie,
Nor sunny breadths topping the forest green,

That make the charm of morning : thoughts as high,
As meek, and pure, live in that tranquil scene,
Whether it meet the rapt and wakeful eye
In vapoury clouds or tints of clearest sheen.
If to behold, or hear, all natural things
In general gladness hail the blessed light,
Herds lowing, birds sporting with devious flight,
And tiny swarms spreading their powdery wings,
And every herb with dewy shoots upspringing ;
If these be joys, such joys the morn is bringing.

SCOTCH LYRICS.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Oh! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue!
The sangs my faither loved to hear,
The sangs my mither sung.
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
An' I wadna sleep—she sang sae sweet,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes! sing the auld, the gude Scotch sangs
Auld Scotia's gentle pride;
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
And the cozie ingle side.
Sangs o' the broom and heather!
Sangs o' the trysting tree!
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink—
The auld Scotch sangs for me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
An' greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim my e'e,
And the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As you sing the sangs to me.

Sing *on*, sing *mair* o' the auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy and sorrow in the past
Where memory lo'es to dwell.
Though hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch songs to me.

Rev. Dr. George Bethune, Brooklyn, New York.

The same rule has been followed in these selections as that before laid down. The great popular names of Burns, Scott, Cunningham, Hogg, and James Montgomery will not be found here.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

BORN 1721 : DIED 1807.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
* The Auld Minister's Song	216
* Song: When I began the World	217
Song: O! why should Old Age	218
The Ewie with the Crookit Horn	220
The Stipendless Parson	221

* These two songs are copied from 'The Illustrated Book of Scotch Songs.'

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

ONE of the most singular, though far from one of the best, of the modern Scotch poets, appears to me to be that good old nonjuring minister, John Skinner, born at Balfour, Aberdeen county, in 1721. He was a genuine Scot, but wrote extremely good English. His education was carefully attended to by his father, a schoolmaster, and he had afterwards four years in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. Yet, while obliged to study hard for the ministry, he was deeply attached to old Scotch poetry, and knew much of it by rote; but this probably was a secret passion, kept in abeyance, for, as Mr. Robert Chambers has told us, (very nearly up to the time of Skinner's education) 'poetry and music lived a vagrant and discreditable life in Scotland. They flourished vigorously in the hearts and souls of the people, but they were discountenanced to the last degree by the public institutions of the country. Poetry was looked upon with aversion and disrespect by persons concerned in public affairs. It was a sinful thing, arising from the natural wickedness of the heart. It never appeared, so to speak, ABOVE BOARD. It stole along, a little rill of quiet enjoyment beneath the incumbent mass of higher, greater, and more solid matters.'* Skinner tells Burns that, when young, he had 'dabbled a good deal in song, but,' he adds, 'on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty well over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerable good singers, plagued me for words to favourite tunes, and, so, extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance, beyond my expectations and contrary to my intentions: at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them un-

* R. Chambers, 'Historical Essay on Scottish Song.'

characteristic, or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected.' (*Letter to Burns.*) So it seems to have come to pass, that from the year 1742, when ordained by Bishop Dunbar, and appointed minister at Longside, till many years afterwards, the flame of poetry within Skinner smouldered in secret, and all his time and thoughts were given to his duties. For sixty-five years he wrought and lived in one spot; any less inspiring scene can hardly be conceived. A wild uncultivated tract was all around him; there was no attractive distant prospect: not another dwelling for a considerable distance. His lonely cottage was half a mile from his church. It was furnished with the greatest plainness; and even after he had married and brought up a family (one of his sons and a grandson being afterwards bishops), he remained content with an earthen floor, with furniture of plain fir or oak—with chimneys unprovided with grates. Here he lived his sixty-five years, preaching zealously in times of peace or of persecution, at the latter period gathering his people outside the windows in order to avoid incurring the penalties of the law. He wrote and published learned theological works, and was consulted both by divines and literary people. As a pastor, a poet, and a man of classical taste, his name stood high. Only once did he get into severe trouble, and this was through the Duke of Cumberland, who, accusing him of having preached to more than four persons without subscribing the oath of allegiance, allowed his soldiers to destroy the church, and sent Skinner to Aberdeen gaol for six months; after that he came back and quietly resumed his duties. His wife, his faithful helper, died in 1799; and in 1807, his son (by this time Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen), who had sustained a like loss, prevailed on his father to leave his parish at last and come to him in Aberdeen. Alas! it was not to live, but only to die, that the old man was uprooted. In less than a week after his removal he was carried off by a sudden illness, which ended his days in his eighty-second year. Two years

before his removal, he had sent a poetical reply to Mr. Fergusson of Pitfour, who had asked what he could do to make him comfortable. He wants nothing, he replies—

Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
My race through poverty and labour run,
Wishing to be by all my flock beloved,
And for long service by my Judge approved,
Death at my door and heaven in my eye,
From rich or great what comfort now need I?

Marrying young, he lived to see many children and grandchildren about him; and on one occasion of a family gathering, it was found there were *four* John Skinners in company: the patriarch himself; his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen; the Bishop's eldest son, afterwards a bishop in his turn; and that eldest son's child, an infant John!

Knowing all these facts, we look with the more interest on the poems, some of which are strictly descriptive of his own position and feelings under it. They are too diffuse, and will not be given entire, but they are hearty in sentiment and expression.

There is something characteristic, too, in his little poem of 'The Ewie with the Crookit Horn.' It is easy to fancy the attachment of a shepherd in Scotland to a favourite lamb, petted in the house at first, and then known all the country round as a thriving, profitable creature; lastly, to have her stolen (all but the 'crookit horn'), and butchered!

It is right to add that 'The Reel of Tullochgorem' (which I have not given, for, though spirited, it is nothing without music) was written off in an evening; and Burns calls it (though here we differ) 'the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw.'

The two poets never met; and the mortification to both was great, when it was found that Burns had been in the minister's neighbourhood without knowing it. He said he would have gone twenty miles out of his way to visit the author of 'The Reel of Tullochgorem.'

THE AULD MINISTER'S SONG.

Tune : 'Auld lang syne.'

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Or friendship e'er grow cauld ?
Should we nae tighter draw the knot,
Aye as we're growing auld ?
How comes it, then, my worthy frien',
Who used to be sae kin',
We dinna for each ither speer,
As we did lang syne ?

What though I am some aulder grown,
An' ablins nae sae gay ;
What though these locks, ance hazel brown,
Ar' now weel mixed wi' gray ;
I'm sure my heart nae coulder grows,
But as my years decline,
Still friendship's flame as warmly glows
As it did lang syne.

Sae weel's I mind upon the days
That we, in youthfu' pride,
Had used to stumble up the braes,
On bonnie Boggie's side,
Nae fairies on the haunted green,
Where moonbeams twinkling shine,
Mair blithely frisk around their green
Than we did lang syne.

Sae weel's I min' ilk bonnie spring
Ye on your harp did play :
An' how we used to dance and sing
The livelong simmer's day.

If ye hae not forgot the art
 To strike that harp divine,
 Ye'll find I still can play my part
 An' sing as auld lang syne.

Though ye live on the banks o' Doon,
 And me besooth the Tay,
 Ye weel might ride to Faukland town,
 Some bonnie simmer's day.
 An' at that place where Scotland's king
 Aft birled the beer and wine,
 Let's drink an' dance, an' laugh an' sing,
 An' crack o' auld lang syne.

SONG: WHEN I BEGAN THE WORLD.

Air: 'The Broom of Cowden Knowes.'

When I began the world first, it was not then as now,
 For all was plain and simple then, and friends were kind
 and true ;

Oh, the times, the weary times, the times that I now see ;
 I think the world is all gone wrong, from what it used to be.

There were not then high-capering heads, pricked up from
 ear to ear,

And cloaks and caps were rarities for gentlefolks to wear.

Oh, the times, the weary times, &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom but what pretends to taste,
 And not a lass in all the land but must be lady-dressed.

Oh, the times, &c.

Our young men married then for love, so did our lassies too ;
 And children loved their parents dear, as children ought to
 do.

Oh, the times, &c.

But, oh, the times are sadly changed, a heavy change
 indeed ;

For love and friendship are no more, and honesty is fled.

Oh, the times, &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride, among the high and
 low,

And strife and greed and vanity is all that's minded now.

Oh, the times, &c.

When I look through the world wide, how times and
 fashions go,

It draws the tears from both my eyes, and fills my heart
 with woe.

Oh, the times, the weary times, the times that now I see ;
 I wish the world were at an end, for it will not mend
 for me.

SONG: O! WHY SHOULD OLD AGE.

Air : 'Dumbarton Drums.'

O ! why should old age so much wound us ?

There is nothing in it at all to confound us :

For how happy now am I,

With my old wife sitting by,

And our bairns and our oys all around us.

We began in the world with naething,
And we've jogged on, and toiled for the ae thing :
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we gat the bit meat and the claithing.

We have lived all our lifetime contented,
Since the day we became first acquainted ;
 It's true we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
But we never yet repined or lamented.

* * * * *

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy,
By means that were cunning or stealthy ;
 But we always had the bliss—
 And what further could we wiss ?—
To be pleased with ourselves and be healthy.

What though we cannot boast of our guineas !
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies :
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies.

* * * * *

In this house we first came together,
Where we've long been a father and mither ;
 And though not of stone or lime,
 It will last us all our time,
And I hope we shall ne'er need anither.

And when we leave this poor habitation,
We'll depart with a good commendation ;
 We'll go hand in hand, I wis,
 To a better home than this,
To make room for the next generation.

THE EWIE WITH THE CROOKIT HORN.

* * * * *

A villain came when I was sleeping,
 Stole my ewie, horn and a' ;
 I sought her sair upon the morn,
 And down aneath a bush of thorn
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.

* * * * *

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this sin ever I was born ;
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie, stown awa !

O ! had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies do when they grow auld,
 It wad na been by mony fauld
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a' ;
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers sae often shorn,
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
 Aneath a bloody villain's knife,
 I'm really fleyt that our gudewife
 Will never win aboon't awa' ;
 O ! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call all yer muses up, and mourn
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, and fell'd and a'.

THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,
And a spare room to welcome a friend now and then ;
With a good-humoured wife in his fortune to share,
And ease him at all times of family care ;

With a few of the Fathers, the oldest and best,
And some modern extracts picked out from the rest,
With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,
To afford him instruction each day of the week ;

What children he has, if any are given,
He thankfully trusts to the kindness of Heaven ;
To religion and virtue he trains them while young,
And with such a provision he does them no wrong.

* * * * *

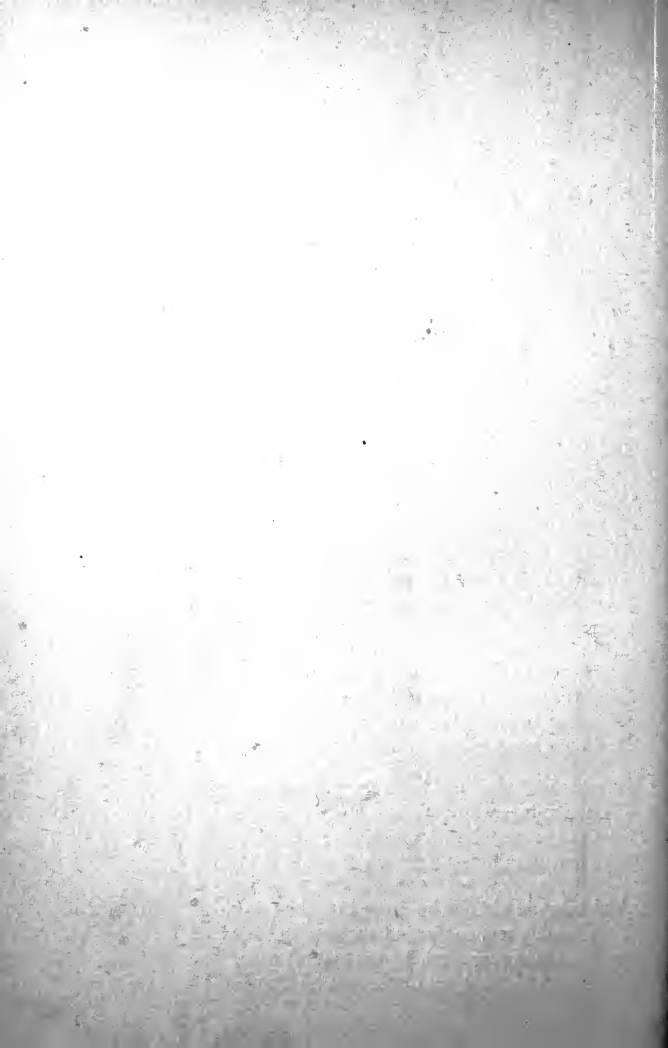
With no worldly projects nor hurries perplexed,
He sits in his closet and studies his text ;
And while he converses with Moses or Paul,
He envies not bishop nor dean in his stall.

Not proud to the poor, nor a slave to the great,
Neither factious in church nor pragmatic in state,
He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,
And finds work sufficient in preaching and prayer.

In what little dealings he's forced to transact,
He determines with plainness and candour to act ;
And the great point on which his ambition is set,
Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.

* * * * *

And when in old age he drops into the grave,
This humble remembrance he wishes to have :
'By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,
Contented he lived, and lamented he died.'



CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRN.

BORN 1766 : DIED 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Pleughman	229
The Land o' the Leal	230
Jacobite Song	231
The Laird o' Cockpen	232
The Auld House of Gask	234
The Robin's Nest	235
True Love	236
Song : Would you be young again ?	238
Song : Rest is not here	239
Gude Nicht, and Joy be wi' ye a'	240
Here's a Health to them that are gane	240
The Dead who have died in the Lord	241

LADY NAIRN.*

THERE have been many charming lyrical writers among the ladies of Scotland, but none superior, perhaps none equal, to Carolina, Baroness Nairn. It is true that no single production of hers surpasses 'Auld Robin Gray,' but, in the absence of any opportunity for reading and remarking on other lyrics of Lady Anne Lindsay, we must give the palm to the one whose many songs have been the solace, the amusement, the inspiration, of numbers in Scotland and England, while owing nothing whatever to the avowed name of the authoress. We must briefly sketch her story, indebted as we are for it to the notice prefixed to a selection of thirty-six of her pieces (some copied from MSS. by the admiring pen of the Editor of the 'Modern Scottish Minstrel'). † The authoress of that exquisite song, 'The Land of the Leal,' then, and of the humorous 'Laird of Cockpen,' was born at the old family house of Gask, in the county of Perth, and was the third daughter of a doughty Jacobite gentleman, Laurence Oliphant of that ilk. She came into the world on the 16th of July, 1766, was married to her cousin on the mother's side, William Murray Nairn, in the year 1806, and died at the family house where she was born and bred, in 1845. She was far from stationary, however, especially after her widowhood; she lived much on the Continent, chiefly at Paris, till within the last two years,

* It is right to state, that the following is part of an article, 'On Scotch Ladies of the Past and Present Century,' which appeared in the 'Monthly Packet,' July 1867.

† Charles Rogers, LL.D.

when she returned to her birthplace to die. As she did not marry young, her career in single life was longer than, from her personal beauty and elegance, and the general idea of her talent, might have been anticipated. She had, we are told, 'many suitors,' but her cousin triumphed; and though for eighteen years the family title remained in abeyance in consequence of the Jacobitism of the last Baron, the attainder was taken off in 1824, it is said by the express wish of George IV., who had heard that Carolina was the author of the song of 'The Attainted Scotch Nobles.' Thus she became, legally, the Baroness Nairn.

One would like to know more of her early life. The history of a spirited young lady in Scotland at that time had many interesting elements to begin with, and she could not live in the 'Auld House at Gask,' where Charles Edward (from whom she derived her name) had been hospitably entertained after his campaign in '45 and '46, without hearing perpetually of the Stuart and all his gallant adherents. Her grandfather had been his aide-de-camp; and when the Prince visited Gask, her grandmother had cut off a lock of his yellow hair, which was kept sacredly at Gask, and is commemorated in Lady Nairn's song of the 'Auld House,' one of her best lyrics.

Then Carolina herself grew up under a father who was as strong a partisan as the grandfather, and never to his dying day would permit the names of the reigning King and Queen to be named before him; so that if by any chance the 'German lairdie and his leddy' were named in reading the papers to the old man, the reader met with prompt rebuke, and was told only to say 'K. and Q.' Such sturdiness, it is said, on the whole, met with respect and toleration from George III., to whom it was spoken of. It certainly was not to his mind an uncongenial characteristic.

Happily for us and the world, but especially for her own country, Carolina, called in her district 'The Flower of Strathearn,' found plenty to do besides writing songs for the

Stuarts. She seems early in life to have passionately loved her native melodies, and to have been distressed by the low tone of the words adapted to them—by their ribaldry and occasional indecency ; and she had genius enough to catch their fire and spirit while reforming the language and elevating the thoughts. Thus her very first attempt at getting an improved idea or two into circulation, came out of the occasion of a neighbouring Agricultural Meeting. She furnished the chairman anonymously with a song, ‘The Pleughman,’ which was soon made vocal and highly prized.

A wider fame probably was obtained by ‘The Laird of Cockpen’ and ‘The Land o’ the Leal,’ which were sung all over England and Scotland before the close of the last century, never attributed to the right author, but *most* persistently, perhaps, falling upon Miss Ferriar, the author of ‘Marriage,’ &c., who is still believed—we know not with what reason—to have added the two *last* stanzas to ‘The Laird of Cockpen.’

Carolina Oliphant married, as we have before said, in 1806, the one of many eager suitors whom she preferred, and became Baroness Nairn in 1824. She lost her husband in July 1830, and was then left with one son, born in 1808, and consequently just in his twenty-second year when his father died. Wrapped up in him, and receiving at his hands in return proofs of truly affectionate attachment, great indeed was her grief when, seven years afterwards, she lost him also. She had taken him abroad, in order to change the climate after a severe attack of influenza ; but he caught fresh cold, and died at Brussels. The trial was borne by Lady Nairn meekly, and with every attempt at submission to the Divine will ; but she never again recovered her tone of spirits. Writing to a friend, she says (in 1840), ‘I sometimes say to myself, “This is no *me*”—so greatly have my feelings and trains of thought changed since “auld lang syne ;” and though I am made to know assuredly that all is well, I scarcely dare to allow my mind to settle on the past.’

We should not do justice to a woman who has beautifully expressed the feelings of her latter days if we did not say that her heart was in every good and Christian work of her time—that she contributed to public and private charities, yet always, if possible, anonymously. Soon after her death, (which occurred at the old family house at Gask on the 27th of October, 1845, at the age of seventy-nine), Dr. Chalmers, in an address delivered at Edinburgh, referring to the efforts made for the supply of religious instruction in the district of the West Port in that city, at length broke the seal of reserve. ‘Let me speak now,’ he said, ‘as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction I received about a year ago. Enquiry was made at me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes : and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianising the people at home : and I also mentioned to her, in that connection, what we were doing at West Port ; and there came to me, from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than 300*l*. She is now dead. She is in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions to secrecy, and accordingly I did not mention her name to any person ; but after she was dead I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to name her, because I thought her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her : and I am happy to say I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairn of Perthshire. It nearly enabled us to purchase sites for schools and a church ; and we have got a site in the very heart of the locality,’ &c.*

* Dr. Chalmers’ address, December 29, 1845.

THE PLEUGHMAN.

(Believed to be Lady Nairn's First Song.)

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts enew, man ;
But, east and west, his trade's the best
That kens to guide the pleugh, man.
Then come, weel speed my pleughman lad,
And hey my merry pleughman ;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the pleughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man ;
His mither's blessing's on his head,
That tents her weel, the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, &c.

The lark, sae sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man ;
Blithe though she be, as blithe is he,
That sings as sweet, the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,
Their labours they renew, man ;
Heav'n bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And Heaven bless the pleughman.
Then come, weel speed, &c.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither could nor care, John,
The day's aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And, oh ! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
Oh ! dry your glist'ning ee, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
An' I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the land o' the leal.*

JACOBITE SONG.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills we daurna name ;
He's ower the hills ayont Dumblane
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.
My father's gane to fight for him ;
My brothers winna bide at hame ;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed, she thinks their no' to blame.
He's ower the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But, ah ! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's ower the hills, &c.

* In the copy I have been used to regard as correct, the third and fourth stanzas are abridged, thus—

Then dry yer glist'ning ee, John,
My soul lings to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Sae fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the land o' the leal.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns ;
 What lads e'er did our laddies will do,
 Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant, bold, sae young and fair ;
 Oh, did you but see him ye'd do as we've done ,
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight,
 For your country, religion, and a' that is right ;
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
 I'd die as aft for one o' the three.

He's ower the hills, &c.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state,
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashions to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, as guid as when new,
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue :
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee.
'Gae, tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird of Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine—
'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird, when the lady said 'Na,'
And wi' a leigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumbfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare,—he rode cannilie,
And aften he thought, as he rode through the glen,
'She's *daft* to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said :
'Oh, for ane I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten ;
I was *daft* to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green ;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit Hen,
But as yet there's no Chickens appeared at Cockpen.*

* This whole ballad has been given to Miss Ferriar. It is said she contributed, however, the last two stanzas.

THE AULD HOUSE OF GASK.

Oh ! the auld house, the auld house ! .

What though the rooms were wee ?

Oh ! kind hearts were dwelling there,

And bairnies fu' o' glee.

The wild rose and the jessamine

Still hang upon the wa' ;

How many cherished memories

Do they, sweet flowers, reca' !

Oh ! the auld Laird, the auld Laird !

Sae canty, kind, and crouse,

How mony did he welcome to

His ain wee dear auld house !

And the Leddy too, sae genty,

There sheltered Scotland's heir,

And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand

Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,

The blue-bells sweetly blaw,

The bonny Earn's clear winding still,

But the Auld House is awa'.

The Auld House ! the Auld House !

Deserted though ye be,

There ne'er can be a new house

Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree

The bairnies liked to see ;

And oh ! how aften did they speer,

When ripe they a' wad be ?

The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there ;
The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet,
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now :
Some to the Indies gane ;
And ane, alas ! to her lang hame,
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirk-yaird, the kirk-yaird,
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun !
How glorious it gaed down ;
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts,
To cloudless skies aboon !
The auld dial, the auld dial !
It tauld how time did pass ;
The wintry winds hae dung it down,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Air: 'Lochiel's awa' to France.'

Their nest was in the leafy bush,
Sae soft and warm, sae soft and warm ;
And Robins thought their little brood
All safe from harm, all safe from harm.
The morning's feast with joy they brought,
To feed their young wi' tender care ;
The plundered leafy bush they found,
But nest and nestlings saw nae mair.

The mother could na' leave the spot,
But wheeling round, and wheeling round,
The cruel spoiler aimed a shot,
Cured her heart's wound, cured her heart's wound.
She will not hear their helpless cry,
Nor see them pine in slavery !
The burning breast she will not bide
For wrongs of wanton knavery.

Oh ! bonny Robin Redbreast !
Ye trust in men, ye trust in men ;
But what their hard hearts are made o',
Ye little ken, ye little ken.
They'll ne'er wi' your wee skin be warmed,
Nor wi' your tiny flesh be fed ;
But just cause you're a living thing,
It's sport wi' them to lay you dead.

Ye Hieland and ye Lowland lads,
As birdies gay, as birdies gay,
Oh, spare them whistling like yoursels,
And hopping blithe from spray to spray !
Their wings were made to soar aloft,
And skim the air at liberty ;
And as you freedom gi'e to them,
May you and yours be ever free !

TRUE LOVE.

True love is watered aye wi' tears,
It grows 'neath stormy skies ;
It's fenced around wi' hopes and fears,
An' fanned wi' heartfelt sighs ;

Wi' chains o' gowd it will no be bound,
Oh ! wha the heart can buy ?
The titled glare, the warldling's care,
Even absence 'twill defy.

An' time, that kills a' ither things,
His withering touch 'twill brave,
'Twill live in joy, 'twill live in grief,
'Twill live, beyond the grave !
'Twill live, 'twill live, though buried deep,
In true heart's memorie.
Oh ! we forgot that ane sae fair,
Sae bricht, sae young, could dee.

Unfeeling hands may touch the chord
Where buried griefs do lie ;
How many silent agonies
May that rude touch untie !
But oh ! I love that plaintive lay—
That dear auld melodie !
For, oh, 'tis sweet ! yet I maun greet,
For it was sung by thee.

They may forget who lightly love,
Or feel but beauty's chain,
But they wha loved a heavenly mind
Can never love again !
A' my dreams o' warld's guid
Aye war turned wi' thee,
But I leant on a broken reed,
Which soon was ta'en from me.

'Tis weel, 'tis weel, we dinna ken
What we may live to see ;
'Twas Mercy's hand that hung the veil
O'er sad futurity.

Oh, ye, whose hearts are scathed and riven,
 Wha feel the world is vain,
 Oh ! fix your broken earthly ties
 Where they ne'er will break again !

SONG: WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Air : ' Ailen Aroon.' Written in Lady Nairn's 76th Year.

Would you be young again ?
 So would not I—
 One tear to memory given,
 Onward I'd hie.
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,
 All but at rest on shore,
 Say, would you plunge once more
 With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now
 Retrace your way ?
 Wander through stormy wilds
 Faint and astray ?
 Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heavenward, away.

Where then are those dear ones,
 Our joy and delight ?
 Dear and more dear, though now
 Hidden from sight ;
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me,—
 Fly, time, fly speedily !
 Come, life and light !

REST IS NOT HERE.

A second Song to the same Air, thought to be of nearly the same Date.

What's this vain world to me ?
Rest is not here ;
False are the smiles I see,
The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joyful glee ?
Where all once dear to me ?
Gone as the shadows flee—
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
Blithely and fair ?
Why did those tints, so fine,
Vanish in air ?
Does not the vision say,
Faint, lingering heart, away !
Why in this desert stay ?
Dark land of care !

Where souls angelic soar,
Thither repair ;
Let this vain world no more
Lull and ensnare.
That heaven I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
All things around me tell
Rest is found there.

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
 The best o' friends maun part, I trow ;
 The langest day will wear away,
 And I maun bid fareweel to you.
 The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
 For words, gin they hae sense ava',
 They're broken, faltering, and few—
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide,
 O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell,
 And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
 And twined it with the heather-bell.
 We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
 The cot-house and the baron's ha' ;
 Now we maun tak' a last farewell—
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

My harp, fareweel ! thy strains are past,
 Nor gleeful mirth nor care will stay ;
 The voice of song maun cease at last,
 And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
 But oh ! what sorrow canna win,
 Nor parting tears are shed ava',
 May we meet neighbours, kith and kin,
 And joy for aye be wi' us a' !

*HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT ARE
GANE.*

Here's to them, to them that are gane !
 Here's to them, to them that are gane !
 Here's to them that are here, the faithful and dear,
 That will never be here again—no, never !

But where are they now that are gane?
 Oh! where are the faithful and true?
 They're gane to the light that fears not the night,
 And their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never!

Here's to them, to them that were here!
 Here's to them, to them that were here!
 Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,
 But 'twas not like what's coming, to last—for ever:
 Oh! bright was their morning sun,
 Bright was their morning sun;
 Yet, lang ere the gloamin' in clouds it gaed down,
 But the storm and the cloud are now past—for ever!

Fare weel, fare weel! parting silence is best;
 Oh! how sad is the last parting tear!
 But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
 Can bedim the bright vision again—no, never!
 Then speed to the wings of old time,
 That waft us where pilgrims would be;
 To the regions of rest, to the realms of the blest,
 Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever!

*THE DEAD WHO HAVE DIED IN THE LORD.**

Go! call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
 Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent;
 But weep not for him who is gone to his rest,
 Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wail for the blest.

* Mr. Rogers, in the 'Modern Scotch Minstrel,' assures us there is 'every reason to assign to Lady Nairn the authorship of this poem,' but says, 'the MS. is not in her handwriting' (p. 239).

The sun is not set, but is risen on high ;
Not long in corruption his body shall lie.
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow,
Nor the music of heaven be discord below ;
Rather, loud be the song, and triumphant the chord,
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord !

Go ! call for the mourners, and raise the lament,
Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent ;
But give to the living thy passion of tears,
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears ;
Who are pressed by the combat, in darkness are lost,
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are tossed.
O weep not for those who shall sorrow no more,
Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er :
Let the song be exalted, triumphant the chord,
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord !

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Waefu' Heart	246
Song : And ye shall walk in silk attire	246
The Cumberland Scolding Match	247
Auld Robin Forbes	249
The Nabob's Return	250

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE was the youngest child of W. Blamire, Esq., of the Oak Thackwood, about six miles from Carlisle ; she was born in 1747, and died in 1794. Though chiefly residing in Cumberland, she was much in Scotland, and well imitated the language of those who were certainly more 'to the manner born.' 'The Waefu' Heart' is her best composition, if hers it be, which even her enthusiastic biographer, Patrick Maxwell, dares not *positively* affirm. It seems to me that it is highly probable ; and no one who knows how carefully the authorship of popular songs was concealed at that time, especially by ladies, will think it the less likely to be Miss Blamire's because she never claimed it. She lived only to the age of forty-seven ; and though her love and devotion to the Muse were well known to her friends, yet poetry was so much discouraged by the religious world of Scotland, that she might be the less ready to own her productions. The song, 'And ye shall walk in silk attire,' is unquestionably hers ; also the poem, 'The Nabob's Return.' 'Auld Robin Forbes' is written in a much broader provincial dialect than is usual with Miss Blamire ; but the authorship is claimed for her by her sister.

Susanna Blamire's Poems were collected in 1842, and published by Menzies, Edinburgh. Few of the longer pieces will excite any great interest. Her Songs and 'The Nabob's Return' are incomparably her best efforts. The latter appears to me quite worthy of the author of 'The Waefu' Heart.' The 'Cumberland Scolding Match' is characteristic, and a rich imitation of a provincial dialogue.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

'Gin living worth could win my heart,
 Ye wad na plead in vain ;
 But in the darksom' grave it's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And O ! what a heart was that to lose !
 But I maun not repine.

'Yet oh ! gin Heaven in mercy soon
 Wad grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin Jamie's in his grave !
 And see ! his gentle spirit comes
 To show me on my way,
 Surprised, nae dou't, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

'I come, I come, my Jamie dear !
 And oh ! wi' what gude will !
 I follow wherso'e'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.'
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possessed,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

*SONG:**AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.*

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think of Donald mair ;

Oh ! who would buy a silken gown
 Wi' a poor broken heart ?
 Or what's to me a siller croun
 Gin frae my love I part ?

The mind whose every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he hae gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' all its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Could I but think to see it back,
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For longest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

*THE CUMBERLAND SCOLDING MATCH.**

Our Dick's sae cross ; but what o' that ?
 I'll tell ye aw the matter :
 Pou up yer heads : ay, deil may care,
 But women-folk mun chatter.
 And sae they may : they've much to say,
 But little are they meynded ;
 OBEY is sic a fearfu' word,
 And *that* the married find it.

* Founded on a scolding match, overheard by Miss Blamire and her sister, who aided in the composition. This and the next song are composed in the Cumberland dialect.

Our Dick came in and said it rained ;
 Says I, 'It makes nae matter ;'
 'Ay, but it du, thou silly fule,
 But women-folk mun chatter :
 They're here an' there, an' everywhere,
 An' makin' sic a rumble,
 Wi' te-te-te, an' te-te-te,
 An' grumble, grumble, grumble.'

Says I to Dick—to Dick says I,
 'There's nought in life can match thee !
 Thy temper's a'ways burstin' out,
 And nought I say can patch thee.
 I's ass, an' fule, an' silly snail,
 I's naethin' but a noodle ;
 I's ayways wrang, and never richt,
 And doodle, doodle, doodle.'

'Deil bin,' says Dick, 'if what I say
 Is not as true as Bible ;
 An' gin I put it into print,
 The folk would ca't a reyble.*
 For not a clout can ye set on,
 In ony form or fashion,
 Or do or say a single thing
 To keep you out o' passion.'

'Tou † is a bonnie guest, indeed,
 Tou *is* a toppin' fellow !
 I think thy breast is made o' brass,
 Tou does sae swear and bellow.
 I nobbet wis that I war deaf,
 There's a'ways sic a dinging ;
 I never ken what I'm about,
 There's sich a ringing, ringing.'

* Rhyme, riddle ?

† Thou.

‘ Whaeveer kens what tou’s about ?
 Tou’s always in a ponder,
 Ay geavin’ * wi’ thy open mouth,
 An’ wonder, wonder, wonder !
 But of a’ the wonders in this warl’,
 I wonder we wer’ married :
 It wad hae been a bonny thing
 Had that bright thou’t miscarried.’

‘ But hark ye, Dick ! I’ll tell ye what,
 ’Twas I that made the blunder’:
 That I tuik up with leyke o’ thee,
 Was far the greatest wonder ;
 For thee was neither guid nor rich,
 And tempered loike auld Scratchem !
 And not a day gangs o’er my head
 But fratchum, fratchum, fratchum !’

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

And auld Robin Forbes has gi’en them a dance.
 I put on my speckets to see them a’ prance ;
 I-thowt o’ the days when I was but fifteen,
 And skipped wi’ the best upon Forbes’ green.
 Of a’ things that are I think that is moast queer,
 It brings *that* that’s by-past and sets it down here.
 I see Willy as plain as I did this bit leace
 When he tuik his coat lappet and deeghted † his feace.

The lasses a’ wondered what Willy cud see
 In ane that was dark and hard featured leyke me :
 And they wondered ay mair when they talked o’ my wit,
 And slily telt ‡ Willy that cudn’t be it :

* Gaping.

† Wiped.

‡ Told.

But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
 And wha was mair happy through aw his lang leyfe ?
 It's e'en my great comfort now Willy is goane,
 That he offen said—no pleast was leyke his own heame.

I mind, when I carried my wark to yan stile,
 Where Willy was deykin', the time to beguile,
 He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
 And I hammered my noddle to mak out a jest :
 But merry or grave, Willy aften woud tell
 Ther' was non' o' the leave* that was leyke my ain sel !
 And he spak what he thocht, for I'd hardly a plack †
 When we married, and nobbit a gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him hame,
 And whiles went to meet him as far as Dumblane ;
 Of aw hours it felt, ‡ *eight* was dearest to me,
 An' now when it strykes there's a tear in my ee.
 O Willy, dear Willy ! it never can be
 That age, time, or death can divide thee an' me !
 For that spot upon earth that's aye dearest to me,
 Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me.

THE NABOB'S RETURN.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 I sought again my native land
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left,
 May still continue mine ?
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste
 The joys I left lang syne ?

* Rest.

† Penny.

‡ Struck, tolled.

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way :
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day.
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine ;
Whilk make me think the present joys
A' naething to lang syne.

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw ;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw.
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about lang syne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there :
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hung o'er many a chair,
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, I sobbed aloud,
To think on auld lang syne.

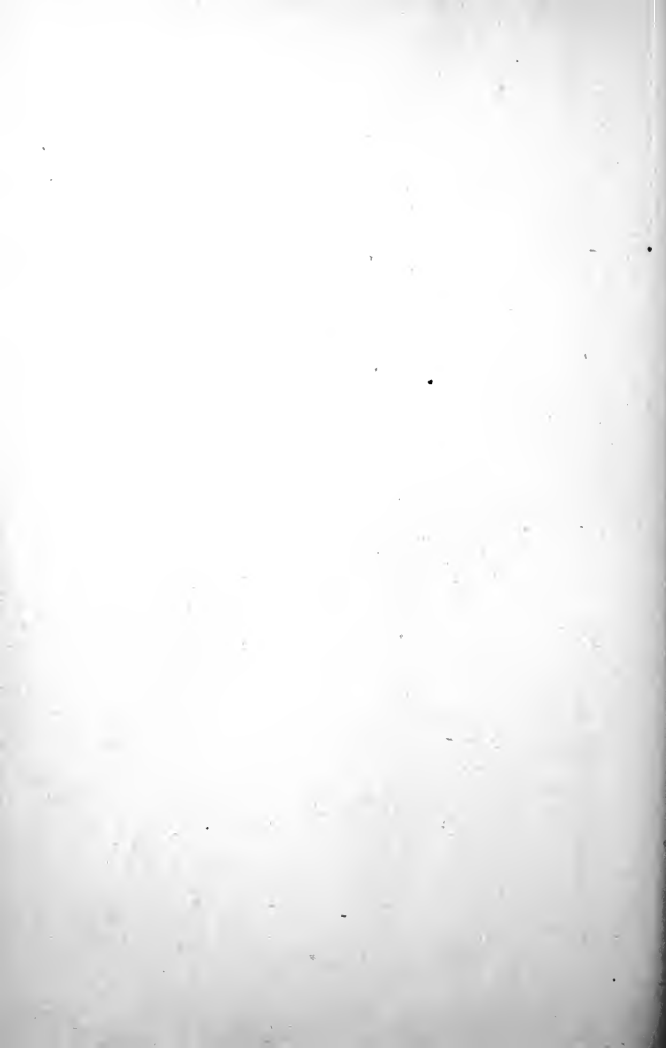
Some panky chieils, a new-sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay :
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
An' wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na, na ! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' lang syne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town ;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Whom all declared divine ;
But sure her mither's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far, lang syne.

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart ;
The sang had mony an artfu' turn,
My ear confess'd 'twas fine,
But missed the simple melody
I listened to lang syne.

Ye sons to comrades of my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha mid your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has past and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the sang will maist delight,
That minds ye o' lang syne.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.



MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART'S maiden name was Cranston. She was born in 1765, and married Professor Stewart in 1790. Her sister, the Countess Purgstall, was introduced to the English reader by Captain Basil Hall.

LINES: THE TEARS I SHED.

The tears I shed must ever fall.

I mourn not for an absent swain ;
For thought may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead ;
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved, their steps shall tread,
And death shall join, to part no more.

Though boundless oceans rolled between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport gilds each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
E'en when, by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenants of the tomb,
The thought that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter, are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails ;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of withered joy ;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye ;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.

E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due.
Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor !
To win a heart—and break it too !

No cold approach, no altered mien,
That just would make suspicion start ;
No pause the dire extremes between—
He made me blest, and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.



MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

BORN 1742 : DIED 1821.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Song : 'The Season comes when first we met	262
Song : 'My Mother bids me bind my Hair	262
The Lot of Thousands	263
Lines : Oh, Power Supreme ! :	263

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

MRS. HUNTER was of Scotch birth, her maiden name being Home, and she was sister to Sir Everard Home. She married John Hunter, the anatomist, and survived him many years, living much in London, and the centre of a charming social circle. She wrote many lyrics for the Scotch miscellanies of the day, some of which were set by Haydn to music. I have not been able to see her collected Poems, and these specimens are from Mrs. Joanna Baillie's printed, but not published, subscription volume of 1828 (often referred to in this collection).

*SONG :**THE SEASON COMES WHEN FIRST WE MET.*

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more ;
Why cannot I the days forget
Which time can ne'er restore ?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past ?

The fleeting shadows of delight
In memory I trace ;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace ;
But ah ! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close.

SONG : MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.
'For why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep,
While others dance and play ?'
Alas ! I scarce can go or creep
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near.
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear ;
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead
While Lubin is away.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be ;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot for thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care ;
And bend beneath the bitter blast
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointments cannot come ;
And Time guides, with unerring feet,
The weary wanderers home.

*LINES: OH, POWER SUPREME!**

Oh, Power Supreme ! that fill'st the whole
Of wide creation's boundless space,
The Life of life, the Soul of soul,
Where shall we find Thy dwelling place ?

* This seems unfinished. It is published by Mrs. Joanna Baillie in her ' Collection of Poems by Living Authors.' Longman, 1823.

Is it in ether's boundless plains,
Where radiant suns unnumbered rise,
To warm their planetary trains,
And cheer with light far-distant skies ?

Above, below, and all around,
Existence rises at thy call ;
And, wrapt in mystery profound,
Thy works proclaim Thee, Lord of all.

On this small speck, our parent earth,
How bounteously Thy gifts are spread !
Rich blessings here receive their birth,
From Intellect by Science led ;

Exploring land and air and sea,
Bringing far-distant objects nigh ;
And in Thy works adoring Thee,
Beneath Thy own all-seeing eye.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

BORN 1759 : DIED 1816.



OLD AGE.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton about four years before her death.

Is that Old Age that's tirling at the pin ?
 I trow it is—then haste to let him in.
 Ye're kindly welcome, friend ; na, dinna fear
 To show yoursel', ye'll cause nae trouble here.
 I ken there are wha tremble at your name,
 As though ye brought wi' ye reproach or shame ;
 And wha 'o' thousand lies would bear the sin,'
 Rather than own ye for their kith or kin.
 But far frae shirking ye as a disgrace,
 Thankfu' I am to have lived to see yer face ;
 Nor sall I e'er disown ye, nor tak' pride
 To think how long I might yer visit bide ;
 Doing my best to mak' ye weel respected,
 I'll no for your sake fear to be neglected ;
 But now ye're come, and through a' kind o' weather,
 We're doomed, frae this time forth, to jog together,
 I'd fain mak' compact wi' ye, firm and strang,
 On terms of fair giff-gaff to haud outlang ;
 Gin thou'lt be civil, I sall liberal be—
 Witness the'lang, lang list of what I'll gie.

First, then, I here mak' owre, for gude and aye,
 A' youthfu' fancies, whether bright or gay ;
 Beauties and graces, too, I wad resign 'em,
 But sair I fear 'twad cost ye fash to find 'em :
 For 'gainst your daddy, Time, they could na stand,
 Nor bear the grip o' his unsonsy hand.
 But there's my skin, whilk ye may further crunkle,
 And write yer name at length in ilka wrunkle ;

On my brown locks ye've leave to lay yer paw,
 And bleach them to your fancy, white as snaw.
 But luk na', Age, sae wistfu' at my mouth,
 As gin ye longed to pu' out ilka tooth.
 Let them, I do beseech, still keep their places,
 Though gin ye wish, ye're free to paint their faces.
 My limbs I yield ye ; and if ye see meet
 To clasp yer icy shackles on my feet,
 I'll no refuse ; but if ye drive out gout,
 Will bless ye for 't, and offer thanks devout.
 Sae muckle wad I gie wi' right gude will ;
 But, oh ! I fear that mair ye luke for still.
 I ken by that fell glower and meaning shrug,
 Ye'd clap yer skinny fingers on each lug,*
 And unco fain ye ar', I trow and keen,
 To cast yer misty pooders in my een.
 But, oh ! in mercy spare my poor wee twinkers,
 An' I for aye sall wear your crystal blinkers ;
 Then, 'bout my lugs, I'd fain a bargain mak',
 And gie my han' that I shall ne'er draw back.
 Well, then, wad ye consent their use to share ?
 'Twad serve us baith, and be a bargain rare.
 Thus I wad ha't ; when babbling fools intrude,
 Gabbling their noisy nonsense, lang and laud ;
 Or when ill-nature, weel brushed up by wit,
 Wi' sneer sarcastic takes its aim to hit ;
 Or when detraction—meanest slave o' pride—
 Spies out wee fauts, and seeks great worth to hide ;
 Then mak' me deaf, as deaf as deaf can be :
 At a' sic times my lugs I'll lend to thee.
 But when in social hour ye see combined
 Genius and wisdom, fruits o' heart and mind ;
 Good sense, good humour, wit in playfu' mood,
 And candour e'en frae ill extracting good ;

O then, auld friend, I maun hae back my hearin',
To want it then would be an ill past bearin';
Better to lonely sit i' the doaf spence,
Than catch the sough of words without the sense.
Ye winna promise? O, ye're unco dour,
Sae ill to manage, and sae cauld and sour.
Nae matter; hale and sound I'll keep my heart,
Nor frae a crumb o't sall I ever part;
Its kindly warmth will ne'er be chill'd by a'
The cauldest breath your frozen lips can blaw.
Ye need na' fash yer thum, auld carl, nor fret,
For there affection shall preserve its seat;
And though to tak' my hearin' ye rejoice,
Yet spite o' you I'll still hear friendship's voice:
Thus, though ye tak' the rest, it sha' na' grieve me,
For ae blithe spunk o' spirits ye maun leave me.
And let me tell ye in yer lug, Auld Age,
I'm bound to travel wi' ye but ane stage;
Be 't long or short, ye canna keep me back,
And when we reach the end o't, ye maun pack;
For there we part for ever; late or air,
Another guess companion meets me there,
To whom ye, will ye, nill ye, maun me bring,
Nor think that I'll be wae, or loth to spring
Frae your poor doomed side, ye carl uncouth,
To the blest arms of everlasting youth;
By him, whate'er ye've rifled, stolen, or ta'en,
Will a' be given wi' interest back again.
Ye need na' wonder, then, nor swell with pride,
Because I kindly welcome you as guide
To ane sae far your better. Now a's tauld,
Let us set out upon our journey cauld,
Wi' nae vain boasts nor vain regrets tormented,
We'll e'en jog on the gate, pleased and contented.



MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.

BORN 1762 : DIED 1851.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Morning and Evening	276
The Sun is sunk	276
Song : Wished-for Gales	277
Song : Open wide the Frontal Gate	278
Song : Wooed and Married and a'	279
A Child to his Grandfather	281
The Lady in her Car	283

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.

IT is not at all difficult to select from Mrs. Joanna Baillie's fugitive and minor poems, for there are some of rare excellence, while others are in comparison flat and prosaic. The great difficulty is to express the very high sense one has of her powers, and at the same time to be truthful about their application in many instances. In reading the large volume of her works, finding at every turn something to admire, I venture at the same time to utter a thought of frequent occurrence, namely, whether we have any such prolific writer in our language who, to so great an extent, misconceived her own powers—who seems so little to have known her very best and her worst? She is surely a very singular writer. Much that is absurd has been said about her: we see that even Sir Walter Scott, among men, and some among women, hailed her as a new Shakspeare! She, who with all her tragic power, and with much of hilarity and genuine comic humour, could never once achieve a really good comedy! The elementary character of her mind, however, will still remain ever a subject for wonder and admiration. Of course, she was a genius. The high and the low felt her power—saw, without being able always to analyse it, the originality, the penetration of her spirit; and Miss Aikin, perhaps the most acute critic of her character, has well said, that 'if she had not been the most candid and benevolent, she would have been one of the most formidable of observers.' No one could seize on a peculiarity, or jot down a picture of it, with greater spirit: witness those favourite lines on a kitten, and witness also those on her little nephews, and the supposed address from a child to its grandfather; witness also several of the portraits, as that of the excellent Miss Gurney of Norfolk, entitled,

'The Lady in her Car,' and part of those on her much-valued friend Lady Noel Byron. In all she wrote, there are touches such as no *less* discriminating hand could give, touches which enable us to realise well Miss Aikin's apt remark: 'Now and then,' she says, 'when I have been on my way to relate to her something new which I thought would interest or amuse her, I have said to myself, "What will be her comment? No, *that* I cannot anticipate; but I am sure that it will be the best thing said on the occasion;" and such it never failed to prove.'*

Joanna Baillie was the youngest daughter of a Scotch clergyman. She was born, when her mother was in considerable trouble, prematurely, together with a twin sister, who died immediately, while Joanna lived on to her ninetieth year. Her maternal uncle, the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, was thought of in the choice of a name for her; and many years afterwards, when the 'Plays on the Passions' came out, Mrs. Hunter, herself a poetess, but of a much more mild order, was credited with the works. But Joanna and her sister Agnes were through the early years of their lives gathering up material, and strengthening the fibre of their characters, without putting forth any such intellectual efforts as might lead to suspicion of precocious genius.

'I could not read well,' Joanna once said to Miss Aikin, 'till I was nine years old.' 'O Joanna!' cried her sister, 'not till eleven.' 'I made my father melancholy breakfasts,' she continued, 'for I used to say my lesson to him then, and I always cried over it; and yet he used to say, "The girl is not stupid, neither; she is handy at her needle, and understands common matters well enough."'[†] Yes, she did understand plashing in the brooks barefooted, and it was long afterwards a grief to her that she could not pad in the grass in summer time without shoes or stockings. Beautifully does

* Miss Aikin's Recollections of Joanna Baillie, 'Memoirs &c. of Lucy Aikin,' p. 6.

† Miss Aikin.

she recall these early times, and still more beautifully contrast them with the present, in her lines to her sister Agnes on her seventieth birthday. They had then left their beloved 'Bothwell's braes' sixty years, but the dear memory remained fresh; and even to the last the sisters were Scotch; and when they revisited their own neighbourhood thirty years after quitting it, their friends were surprised to find them speaking the 'braid Scottish tongue' in greater perfection than themselves, the difference being that the residents had studied to be English, while the Baillies loved to keep up their native accent.

The first volume of the 'Plays on the Passions' was published in 1799, when Joanna was in her thirty-eighth year, and the second appeared in 1802. Jeffrey, the great and formidable critic of the day, was severe upon her plan, hardly perhaps too much so, in so far as the narrowness and limitation of the range was concerned; but his remarks pained her greatly, and he was not struck dumb, as many were, by the splendour of her execution of particular scenes.

Spite of Sir Walter Scott's endeavours, she refused to be presented to this harsh critic till very much later in life—somewhere in 1820. The great breach was then healed, however: she had forgiven and lived down what was galling in criticism; and Jeffrey, whose heart was full of kindness, if his pen was unsparring, was delighted to meet her more than half-way, and expressed in no faint terms his continued enjoyment in her society whenever he came to London. He says, in 1840, 'I have been twice out to Hampstead, and I found Joanna Baillie as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse.' In 1842 it is still the same: 'She is marvellous in health and spirits, not a bit deaf, blind or torpid.' So she went on, loving and being loved, for ten years more, and then, on February 5, 1851, the gentle life passed away.

Agnes, the elder sister, the guardian of her early youth, survived her some years.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower,
Swallows twittering on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-waked child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the evening grey?
The housewife trim and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a-conning o'er his book;
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosened steed in grassy stall;
The nobles feasting in the hall;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

THE SUN IS SUNK.

Written for the Air to 'Gude Nicht, and Joy be wi' ye a'.'

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting one by one,
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;

And since, in social glee's despite,
It must be so, Good night, good night !

The bride into her bower is sent,
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent :
The lover's whispered words and few
Have bade the bashful maid adieu ;
The dancing floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there—Good night, good night.

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his walled shed ;
The clansmen in the heathered hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone—Good night, good night.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart and charm the sight.
Gay dreams to all ! Good night, good night.

SONG: WISHED-FOR GALES.

Wished-for gales, the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering ;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting !
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground—
The absent will return ; the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing ;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Opened arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing ;
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say, he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beadsmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing ;
Blazoned hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning ;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows.
Oh, who can tell each blessed sight and sound
That says, He with us bides ; our long, long lost is found !

SONG: OPEN WIDE THE FRONTAL GATE.

Open wide the frontal gate,
The lady comes in bridal state,
Than wafted spices sweeter far,
Brighter than the morning star ;
Modest as the lily wild,
Gentle as a nurse's child ;
A lovelier prize, of prouder boast,
Never chieftain's threshold crossed.

Like the beams of early day,
Her eyes' quick flashes brightly play,
Brightly play and gladden all
On whom their kindly glances fall.
Her lips in smiling weave a charm
To keep the peopled house from harm ;
In happy moment is she come,
To bless a noble chieftain's home.

Happy be her dwelling here,
Many a day and month and year !
Happy as the nested dove
In her fruitful ark of love !
Happy in her tented screen !
Happy in her garden green !
Thus we welcome, one and all,
The lady to her chieftain's hall.

SONG: WOODED AND MARRIED AND A'.

Version taken from an old Song of that name.*

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too,
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woode and married and a',
Woode and married and a',
Is na' she very weel off
To be woode and married and a'?

Her mither then hastily spak,
'The lassie is gluikit wi' pride ;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun ;
The gear that is given, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.

* Works, p. 817, collected Edition.

Woored and married and a',
 Wi' havins and toucher sae sma' !
 I think ye are very weel off
 To be woored and married and a'.'

'Toot, toot !' quo' her grey-headed father,
 'She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
 She's ta'en like a colt from the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddie,
 As humour inconstantly leans,
 The chiel maun be patient and steady
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw !
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
 When I think of her married and a'.'

'Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
 Weel weighed were his wordies, I ween:
 'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 With the blinks of yer bonnie blue een.
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles and ribbons be few,
 Than if Kate o' the Croft wer' my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins anew.
 Dear and dearest o' ony !
 Ye're woored and buikit and a' ;
 An' do ye think scorn o' yer Johnny,
 And grieve to be married at a' ?'

She turned and she blushed and she smiled,
 And she lookit sae bashfully down ;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown ;

She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nipped her bodice sae blue ;
Syn e blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff, like a mankin', she flew.
 Wooed and married and a',
 Wi' Johnny to roose her and a',
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
 To be wooed and married and a'.

A CHILD TO HIS GRANDFATHER.

Grand-dad, they say you're old and frail,
Your stiffened legs begin to fail ;
Your staff, no more my pony now,
Supports your body, bending low,
While back to wall you lean so sad,
I'm vexed to see you, Dad.

You used to smile and stroke my head,
And tell me how good children did ;
But now, I wot not how it be,
You take me seldom on your knee ;
Yet ne'ertheless I am right glad
To sit beside you, Dad.

How lank and thin your beard hangs down,
Scant are the grey hairs on your crown ;
How wan and hollow are your cheeks,
Your brow is crossed with many streaks ;
But yet, although his strength be fled,
I love my own old Dad.

The housewives round their potions brew,
And gossips come to ask for you ;

And for your weal each neighbour cares,
And good men kneel and say their prayers ;
And everybody looks so sad
When you are ailing, Dad.

You will not die and leave me, then ?
Rouse up and be our Dad again ;
When you are quiet and laid in bed,
We'll doff our shoes and softly tread ;
And when you wake we'll still be near,
To fill old Dad with cheer.

When through the house you change your stand,
I'll lead you kindly by the hand ;
When dinner's set, I'll with you bide,
And aye be serving by your side ;
And when the wintry fire burns blue,
I'll sit and talk with you.

I have a tale, both long and good,
About a partlet and her brood,
And greedy cunning fox that stole
By dead of midnight through a hole,
Which slily to the hen-roost led—
You love a story, Dad ?

And then I have a wondrous tale
Of men all clad in suits of mail,
With glittering swords—you nod—I think,
Your heavy eyes begin to wink ;
Down on your bosom sinks your head—
You do not hear me, Dad.

THE LADY IN HER CAR.

There is darkness on a dangerous coast,
Where waves on waves are wildly tossed,
High cliffs and rifted rocks between ;
The strife is terrific, and all unseen,
Ay, loud is the roar of winds and waves,
As strong contention wildly raves ;
A fearful sound of a fearful commotion,
The many, angry voices of ocean.

Along the shore from cottage homes
No sound of stirring inmate comes,
Though some on restless beds there be,
Whose thoughts are with wanderers on the sea.
Hark ! from the mingled din an altered sound,
Distinct and awful, booming through the air !
A signal of distress ! some ship aground,
With all her hardy crew to perish there !
Another booming sound ! must they be lost,
Within man's hearing, on this ruthless coast ?

No ! From the Lady's windows lights appear ;
There's stirring life within, and blessed help is near ;
And, sooth to say, in some few minutes more
The Lady's Car is at the door ;
Herself into the seat is lifted,
And to her hands the reins are shifted.

But who is she * whose deeds fulfil
The generous impulse of her will

* Anna Gurney, of North Repps Cottage, near Cromer, Norfolk. I have selected this poem, not so much for its beauty of expression and style, as for the truth with which a fine character is treated. 'We can hardly,' says Mrs. Austin, in her beautiful notice of Miss Gurney

So quickly? One with limbs nerve-bound,
Whose feet have never trod the ground,
Who loves, in tomes of Runick lore,
To scan the curious tales of yore,
Of gods and heroes, dimly wild;
And hath intently oft beguiled
Her passing hours with mystic rhymes,
Legends by bards rehearsed of other times;
Learned, and loving learning well;
For college hall or cloistered cell
A student meet, yet all the while
As meet with repartee and smile,
'Mid easy converse, polished, blithe, and boon
To join the circles of a gay saloon;
From childhood reared in wealth and ease,
The daily care herself to please;
For selfish nature here below,
A dangerous estate, I trow.

Such is the dame, who, rein in hand,
Drives forth and checks her courser on the strand
Where torches blaze, and figures rude,
Pictured on darkness, round her stood;
And she on th' instant in that trying hour
Becomes to them a spirit and a power
To rouse and to command.
Those hardy seamen she had taught
To guide the life-boat, with its fraught
Of living souls, through surf and surge,
And brave the whirling eddy's scourge:
But now, all daunted, in amaze
They doggedly upon her gaze,

('Gentleman's Magazine,' Sept. 1857), 'conceive a more touching and elevating picture than that of the infirm woman, dependent even for the least movement on artificial help, coming from the luxurious comfort of her lovely cottage, to face the fury of the storm, the horror of darkness and shipwreck, that she might help to save some from perishing.'

And sternly murmur short reply.
'Will ye then all stand coldly by?
With faint hearts shrinking in dismay,
Let the dark deep devour its prey?
Your friends, your brothers, gallant men,
Who ne'er must see their homes again!'
But no—*my* words may not *her* words express,
Their generous import your own hearts may guess;
And they their Lady's voice obey,
Unto the boat-house wend their way,
Launch the light vessel from the shore
Amid the angry surge's roar
Vaulting and sinking as they go
The waves above or waves below,
While their mixed words of terror or of cheer,
Sad friends upon the shore confusedly hear:
It was an awful thing for them to wait
The issue of their comrades' doubtful fate.

Minutes like hours have slowly past,
Each sadder, slower than the last:
While fancied voices oft betray
The wistful ear, and pass away.
At length, in sooth, a nearing sound, though faint,
Of oars and tongues from moderate distance sent:
It cannot be the mocking tempest's cry;
It comes again—must be reality!
The boat! the boat! its iron tackles ringing,
And from its sides man after man is springing;
They strangely rock and totter on the land,
As if they knew not how to stand.
It is our own; they've nobly braved,
And brought to shore their dearly saved.
Loud shouts of thankful joy and pride
From the beach inland echo far and wide.

The Lady's grateful heart beats high
Whilst, quick of thought and quick of eye,

She gives directions on the spot,
And forthwith each in kindly cot,
With raiment, bed, and food supplied,
Cheered with soothing words beside,
Five hardy seamen lay them down to sleep,
Who else had seen no more the sun's glad ray,
Whose place of rest before the peep of day
Had been the yawning deep ;
Men, brave and useful, stark and strong,
Who each to some loved home belong,
Where loving ones and kinsfolk dear,
Think of their absent mariners with fear.

Still on the beach some thoughtful stragglers stay,
To watch the earliest streak of coming day,
As there it dimly marks the distant main,
And the Lady returns to her home again,
With the sound of blessings in her ear
From young and old her heart to cheer,
Sweet thoughts within her secret soul to cherish,
The blessings of those who were ready to perish,
And there lays her down on her peaceful pillow,
Blessed by the Lord of the wind and the billow.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BORN 1797 : DIED 1835.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Song : The Murmur of the Merry Brook	290
Jeanie Morrison	291

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE delightful poem of this writer, 'Jeanie Morrison,' cannot be dismissed without a special word. I remember how it first caught my attention, reading it then in a newspaper, and feeling that, whoever the author might be, it had the simple genuine character, which never can be simulated, of true poetry. Afterwards I learnt something of the man and his history—learnt that he had been admired and enquired after by Sir Walter Scott, and that his knowledge of Scotch minstrel lore was very considerable. He was obliged to earn a living by somewhat uncongenial employments, but pursued them creditably for the too short period of his life, which terminated at the age of thirty-eight. With the little girl, Jeanie Morrison, his school mate, he never, it would appear, renewed personal acquaintance from the time he parted with her, at eleven years of age. There are other songs and poems also of Motherwell's quite worthy of note, published in a separate volume. I can give but one specimen.

SONG: THE MURMUR OF THE MERRY BROOK.

The murmur of the merry brook,
As, gushingly and free,
It wimples, with its sunbright look,
Far down yon sheltered lea,
And hums to every drowsy flower
A low, quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of love and thee,

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood
To utter harmony,
And the small birds, that answer make
To the wind's fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake
Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see,
Along the eastern hills, one streak
Of the sun's majesty ;
Laden with dewy gems it gleams,
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon meseems
A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn,
I hear the blithe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn
(An errant knight perdy),

That wingèd hunter of rare sweets
O'er many a fair country,
To me a day of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea,
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in all such wandering,
Is ever thee.

And, oh! the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree,
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee,
The course of each bright voyager
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day.
The fire that's blawn on Beltune e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison !
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears—
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we lov't ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns and but ane heart.
 'Twas then we sat on ae *laigh bink*,*
 To hear ilk ither lear ; †
 An' tones an' looks an' smiles were shed,
 Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touching cheek, loof ‡ hoked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think ;
 When baith bent doon ow'r ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buke on our knee,
 Thy lips war on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh ! mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brunt red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans laughin' said,
 We clecked together hame.
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The schule then skailed at noon),
 When we ran off to speel the braes,
 The broomy braes o' June ?

* Low bench.

† Learn ?

‡ Loof=palms of hands.

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thoughts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luv !
O lichtsom' days and lang,
When hinnied * hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang !

O mind ye, love ! how aft we left
The deaving, distant toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon ?
The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whuslit sweet.

The throssil whuslit in the wud,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, wi' nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled dune yer cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak.
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me ?
O tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
O say gin e'er yer heart grows grit
Wi' dreamin' o' lang syne.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way :
And channels deeper, as it runs,
The life of love's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we wer' sundered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music of your tongue ;
But I wuld hug all wretchedness,
And happy wold I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me.

JOHN BETHUNE.

BORN 1812: DIED 1839.



JOHN BETHUNE.

JOHN BETHUNE was a native of 'The Mount,' once Sir David Lindsay's—

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount.

He and his brother Alexander, six years older, were not of noble birth, however. They were the sons of a farm-labourer, and it was through the kindness of William and Robert Chambers that they made their first trials in literature. A volume (*chiefly* by Alexander) appeared in 1835, entitled, 'Tales and Sketches of the Scotch Peasantry,' and in 1839 a series of lectures, 'Practical Economy Enforced,' the joint production of the brothers. In this year, however, John died ; and in 1841 some poems left by him were published by Alexander, with a sketch of his brother's life. The account of the simple life of the two men is most interesting : their fraternal attachment, the purity of their lives, and their deep piety, made their privations in their humble cabin an object of great interest. But they were not very willing to be helped, and were from first to last somewhat too proud to allow of those aids which many would have been delighted to offer. The poem I give is the best I have seen. Generally speaking, they are rather smooth and correct than original.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

Long years of toil and care,
And pain and poverty, have passed,
Since last I listened to her prayer,
And looked upon her last.
Yet how she looked, and how she smiled
Upon me, while a playful child,
The lustre of her eye,
The kind caress, the fond embrace,
The reverence of her placid face,
Within my memory lie,
As fresh as they had only been
Bestowed, and felt, and heard, and seen
Since yesterday went by.

Her dress so simply neat !
Her household tasks so featly done !
Even the old willow wicker seat,
On which she sat and spun ;
The table where her Bible lay
Open from morn till close of day,
The standish, and the pen
With which she noted, as they rose,
Her thoughts upon the joys and woes,
The final fate of men ;
And sufferings of her Saviour God :—
Each object in her poor abode
Is visible as then.

Nor are they all forgot,
The faithful admonitions given,
And glorious hopes which flatter not,
But lead the soul to heaven.

They had been hers, and have been mine,
When all besides had ceased to shine.

When sadness and disease,
And disappointment and suspense,
Had driven youth's fairest fancies hence,
Shortening its fleeting lease ;
'Twas then those hopes amidst the dark,
First twinkling like a feeble spark,
Dawned on me by degrees.

To *her* they gave a light
Brighter than sun or stars supplied,
And never did they shine more bright,
Than just before she died.
Death's shadows dimmed her aged eyes,
Grey clouds had clothed the evening skies,
And darkness was abroad ;
But still she raised her gaze above,
As the eternal light of love
On her glazed organs glowed,
Like beacon fires of burning levin,
Hung out between the earth and heaven,
To guide her soul to God !

And as they brighter grew,
Beaming with everlasting bliss,
Opening the eternal world to view,
She turned her eyes from this ;
And every feature was composed,
As with a placid smile they closed
On those who stood around,
Who felt it was a sin to weep
O'er such a smile, and such a sleep,
So peaceful, so profound !
But joy was in their tears expressed,
They knew her time-worn form at rest,
Her soul with mercy crowned.

Her last words ere she died
Were, 'Friends and daughters, lay me down,
In Jesus' bosom let me hide
Your spirits and my own.'
She stretched her limbs, composed her arms,
As death had been the prince of charms,
Nor breathed a sob or groan.
And then the calm, the heavenly grace,
Which fell upon her reverent face !
Wrinkles than roses blown
Seemed fairer far ; the spirit shed
Such beauty, as it upward fled
To the eternal throne.

TWO SCOTCH SONGS.

AUTHORS UNKNOWN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Do ye think o' the Days that are gone ?	303
My Wife shall hae her Will	304

DO YE THINK O' THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE?

‘Do ye think o’ the days that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by yer fire at night?
 Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time
 When your heart and step were light?’
 ‘I think o’ the days that are gone, Robin,
 And of all I joyed in them;
 But the brightest that ever arose on me,
 I have never wished back again.’

‘Do ye think o’ the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by yer fire at night?
 Do ye gather them up as they faded fast,
 Like buds with an early blight?’
 ‘I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
 I mourn that their stay was fleet;
 For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
 And were e’en in their falling sweet.’

‘Do ye think o’ the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by yer fire at night?
 Do ye wish they were round ye again once more,
 By the hearth they made so bright?’
 ‘I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
 They’re dear to my heart as then;
 But the best and the dearest among them all,
 I have never wished back again.’

II

*MY WIFE SHALL HAE HER WILL.**

If my dear wife should chance to gang
Wi' me to Edinburgh toun,
Into a shop I will her tak'
And buy her a new gown ;
But if my dear should hain † the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, ' The auld will do,'
By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife should wish to gang
To see a neebor or a friend,
A horse or chair I will provide,
And a servant to attend ;
But if my dear should hain † the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, ' I'll walk on foot,'
By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife bring me a son,
As I expect she will,
Cake and wine I will provide,
And a nurse to nurse the chiel ;
But if my dear shall hain † the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, she'll nurs't hersel',
By my word she shall hae her will.

* From the 'North Country Garland,' 1824. Given in Robert Chambers's 'Scottish Songs.'

† Save.



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